



— AN ASSASSIN'S CREED® SERIES —

VAN LENTE • CALERO

AUG '16  
COVER A

# TEMPLARS





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# ASSASSIN'S CREED TEMPLARS

## BLACK CROSS

There's tension and fear on streets of Shanghai. Chiang Kai-Shek's Nationalist army are bearing down on the city. As sirens sound, Black Cross sticks to his guns – he's moments away from discovering the source of the corruption that could spell the end for the Templars in China...

Darius, kidnapped by Roo's husband, has no idea what is going on. Separated from the Templars, and alone in the city, he is at the mercy of a girl he barely knows... and definitely doesn't know if he can trust...



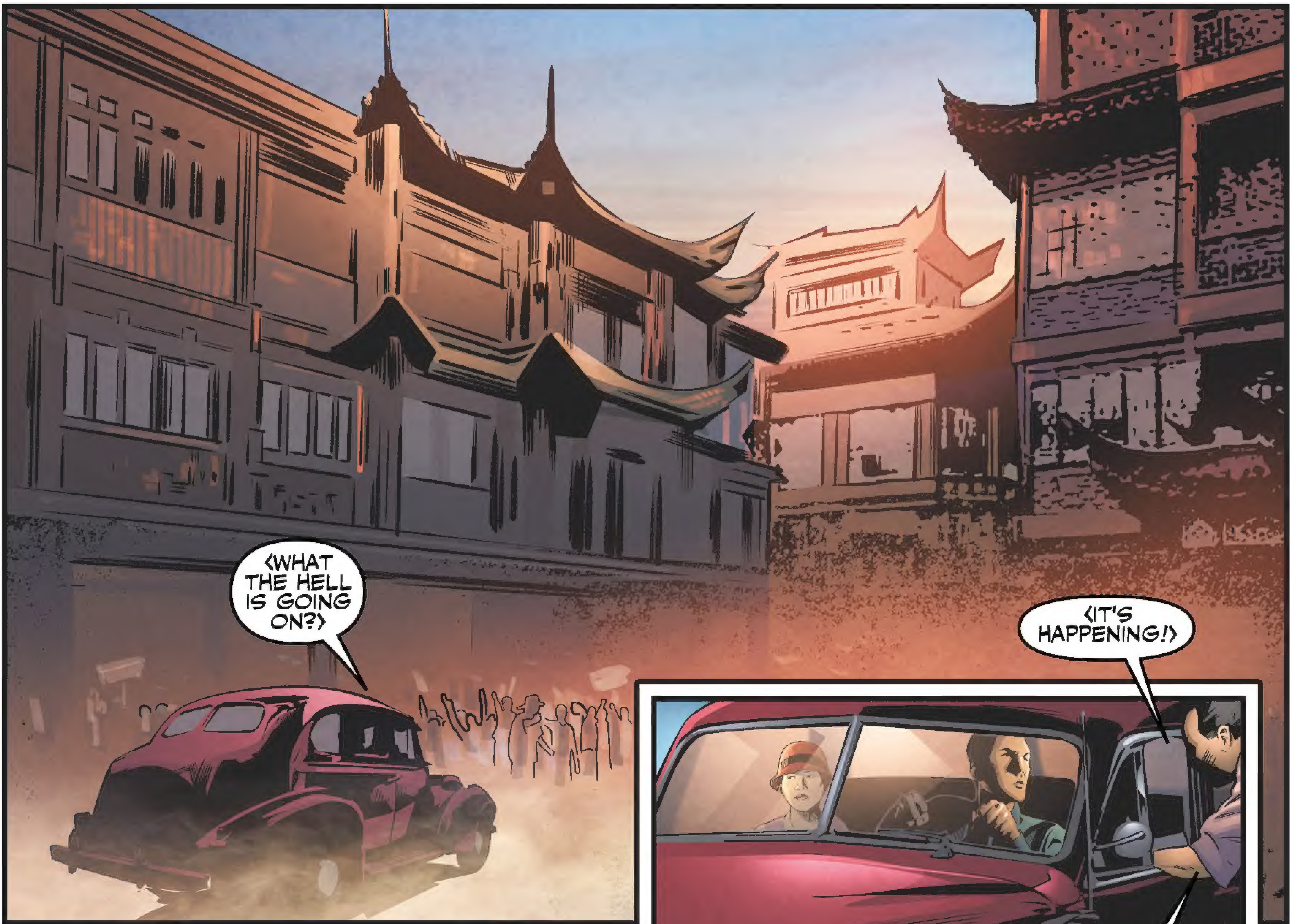
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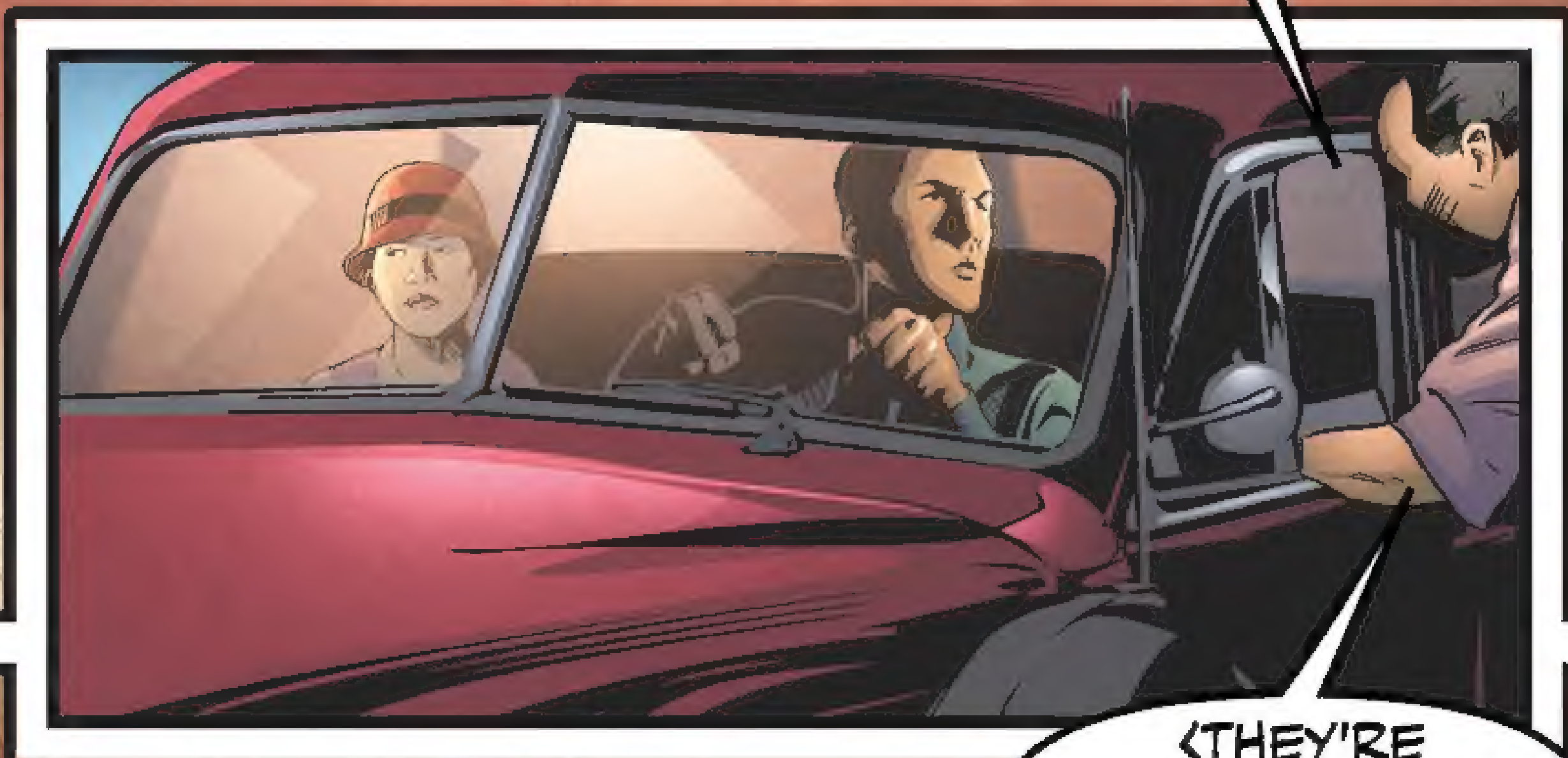
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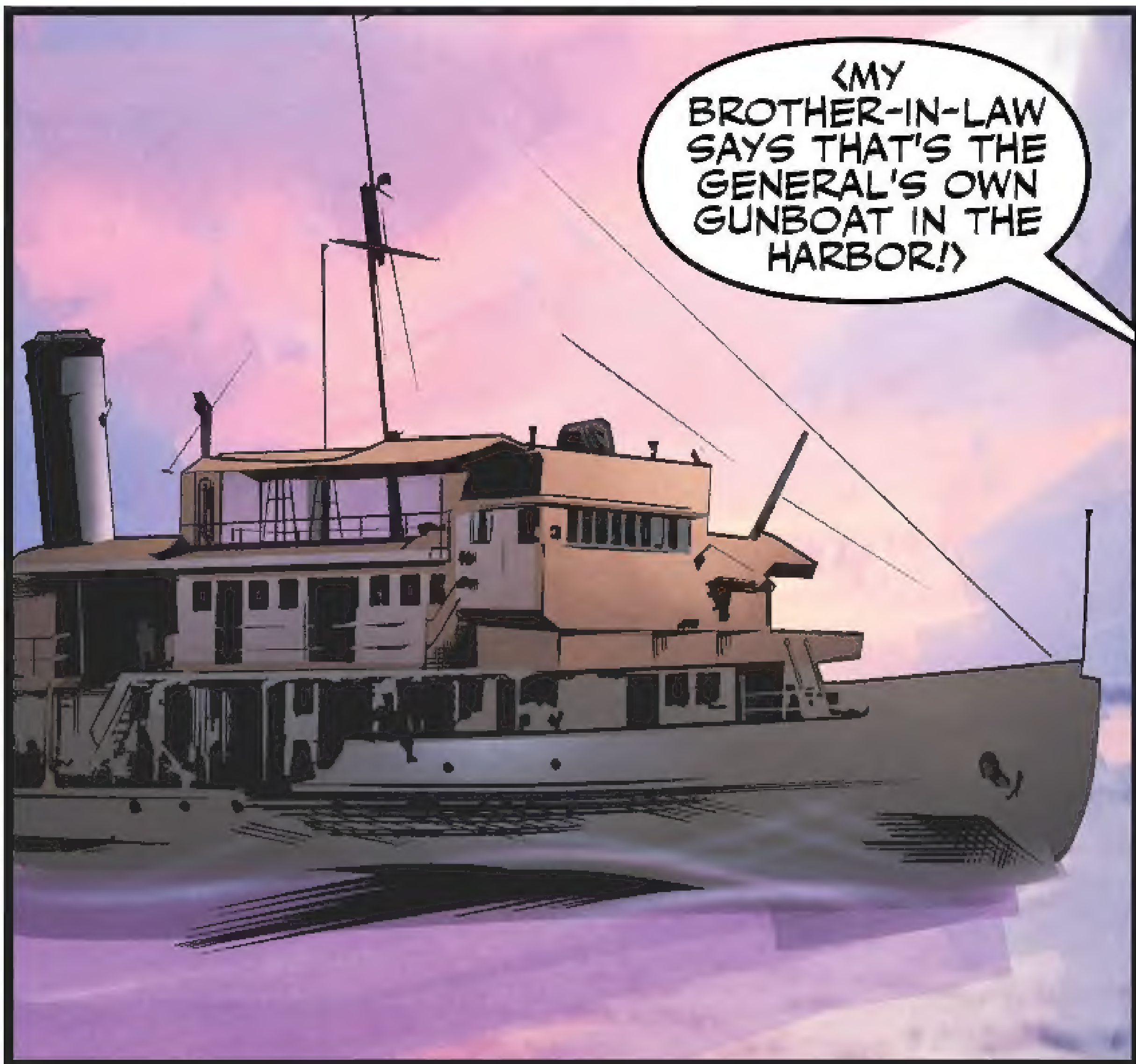


«WHAT  
THE HELL  
IS GOING  
ON?»

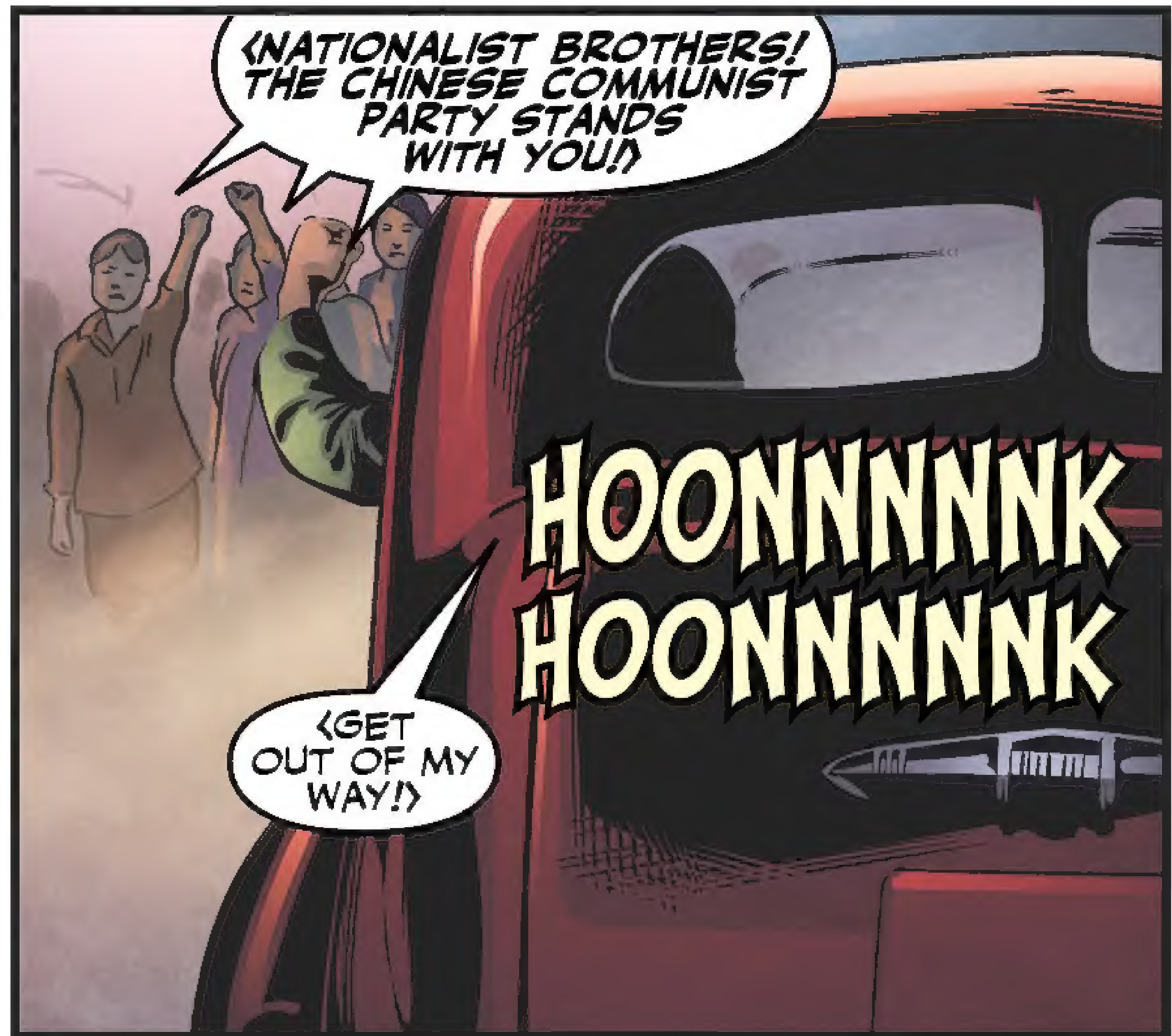
«IT'S  
HAPPENING!»



«THEY'RE  
HERE! CHIANG'S  
ARMY IS ENTERING  
THE CITY!»



«MY  
BROTHER-IN-LAW  
SAYS THAT'S THE  
GENERAL'S OWN  
GUNBOAT IN THE  
HARBOR!»



«NATIONALIST BROTHERS!  
THE CHINESE COMMUNIST  
PARTY STANDS  
WITH YOU!»

**HOONNNNNK  
HOONNNNNK**

«GET  
OUT OF MY  
WAY!»





«LOOK! THEY'RE  
CLOSING THE GATES  
TO THE INTERNATIONAL  
CONCESSION!»

«THE  
FOREIGN DEVILS  
ARE LOCKING  
US IN!»



«FOOLS! WE  
ARE BROTHERS IN  
OPPRESSION! YOU  
SHOULD BE ON  
*THIS* SIDE!»

«DOWN  
WITH FOREIGN  
DEVILS!»

«CHINA  
FOR THE  
CHINESE!»



«HEY! HEY!  
MOVE YOUR  
ASS, PIG  
HEART!»

«SOME OF  
US ACTUALLY  
HAVE *JOBS*  
TO DO!»

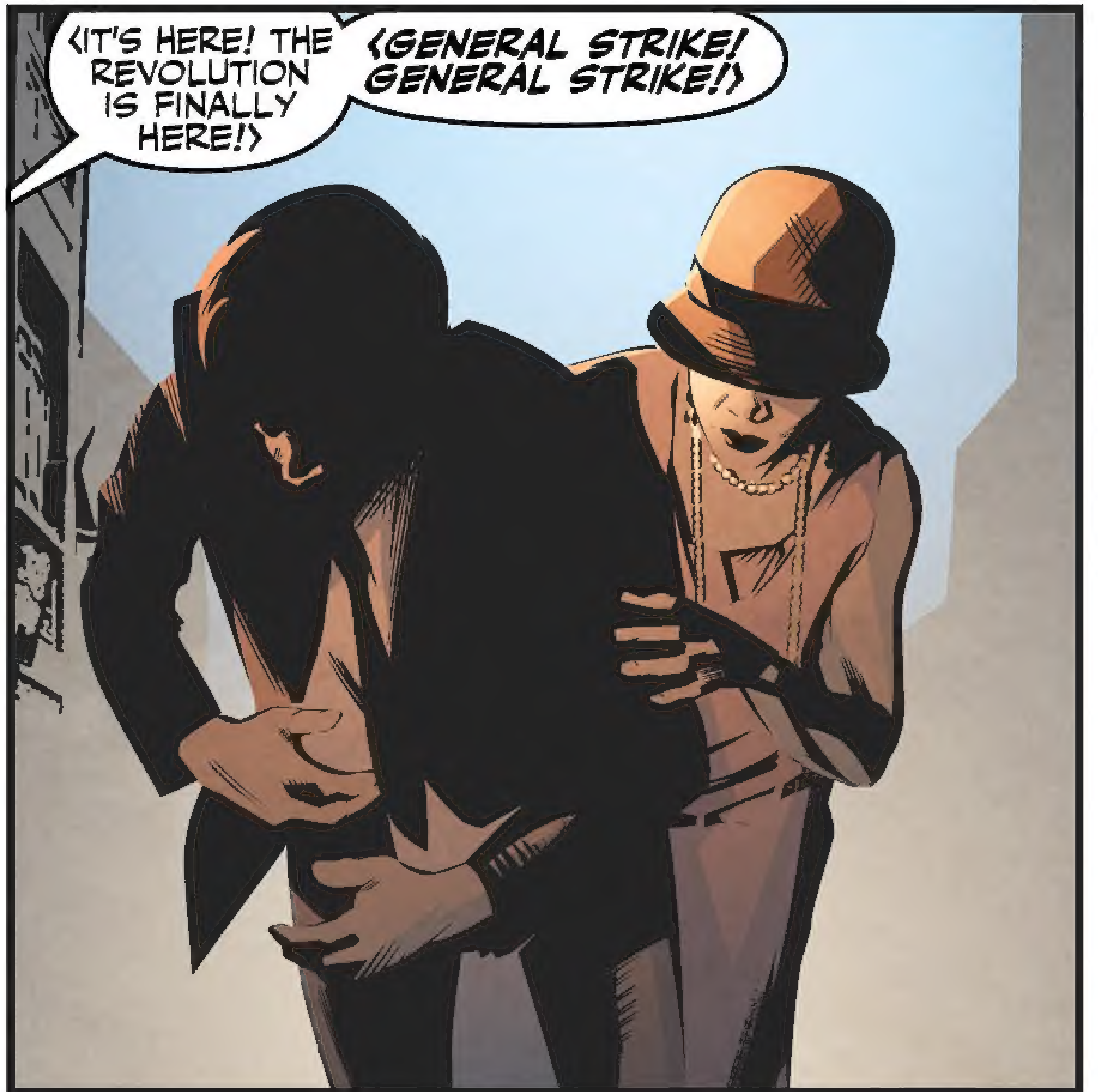
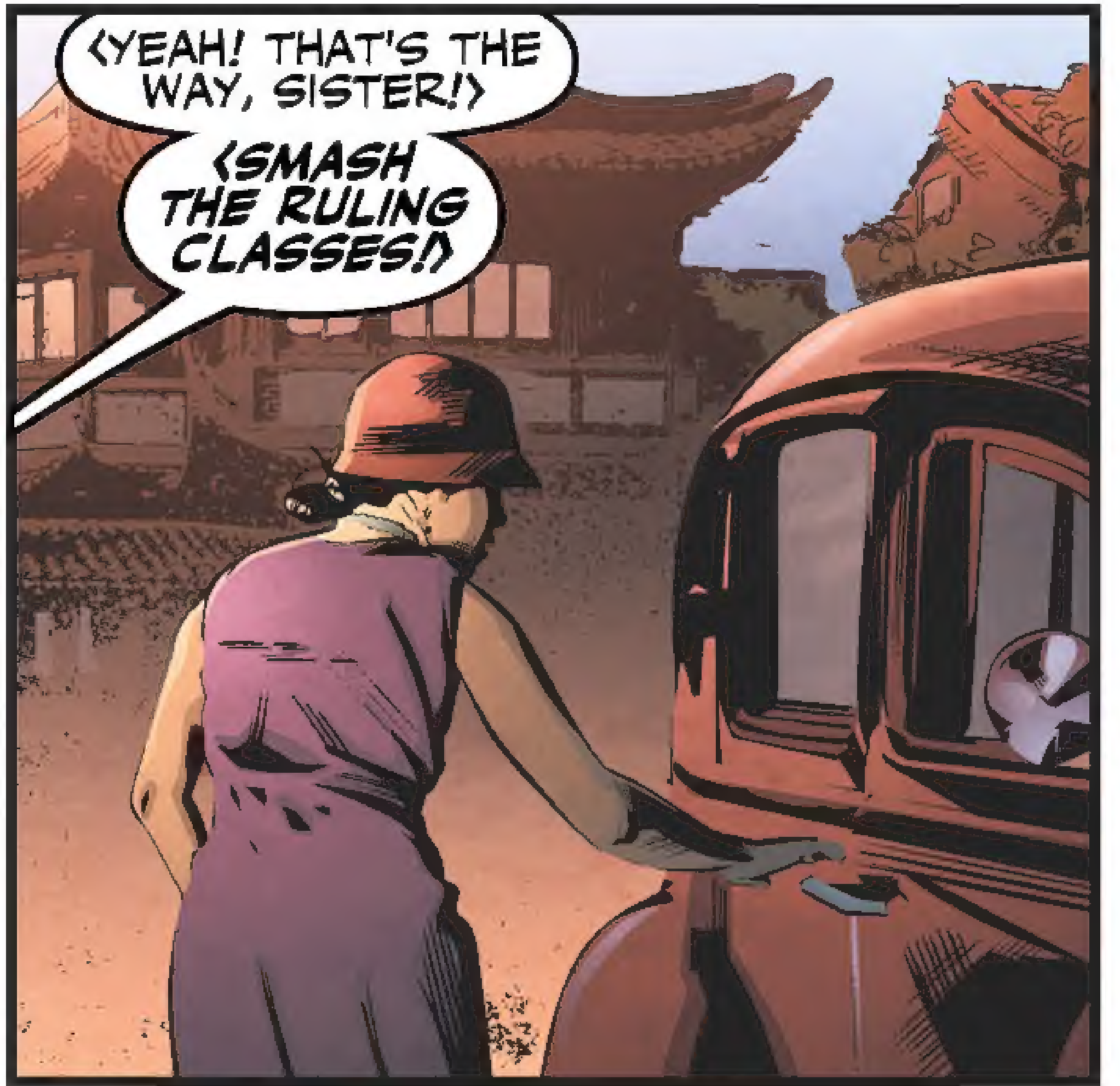
«SCREW  
YOUR MOTHER,  
BOURGEOIS!»



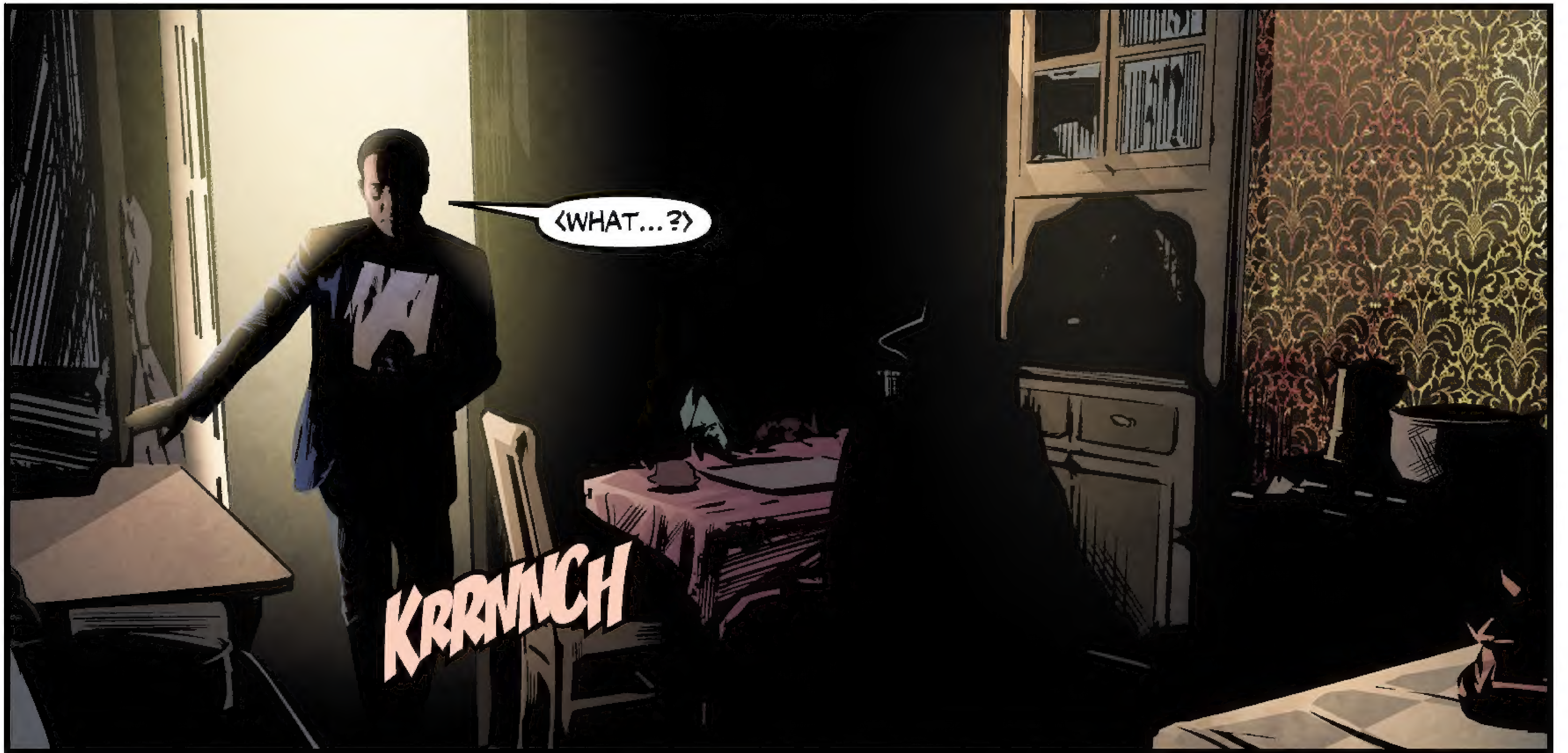
«RUAN, WE  
MAY HAVE TO  
*CARRY* THIS  
ONE TO THE  
BUYER'S—»

«RUAN,  
WHERE...?»









WHAT...?

KRRNCH



SORRY FOR THE MESS.



NO MATTER HOW MANY **WINDOWS** I GO THROUGH, I HAVE YET TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO KEEP ALL THE **GLASS** FROM NOT GOING THROUGH **ME**.



YOUR NAME IS **TSAI**, YES?

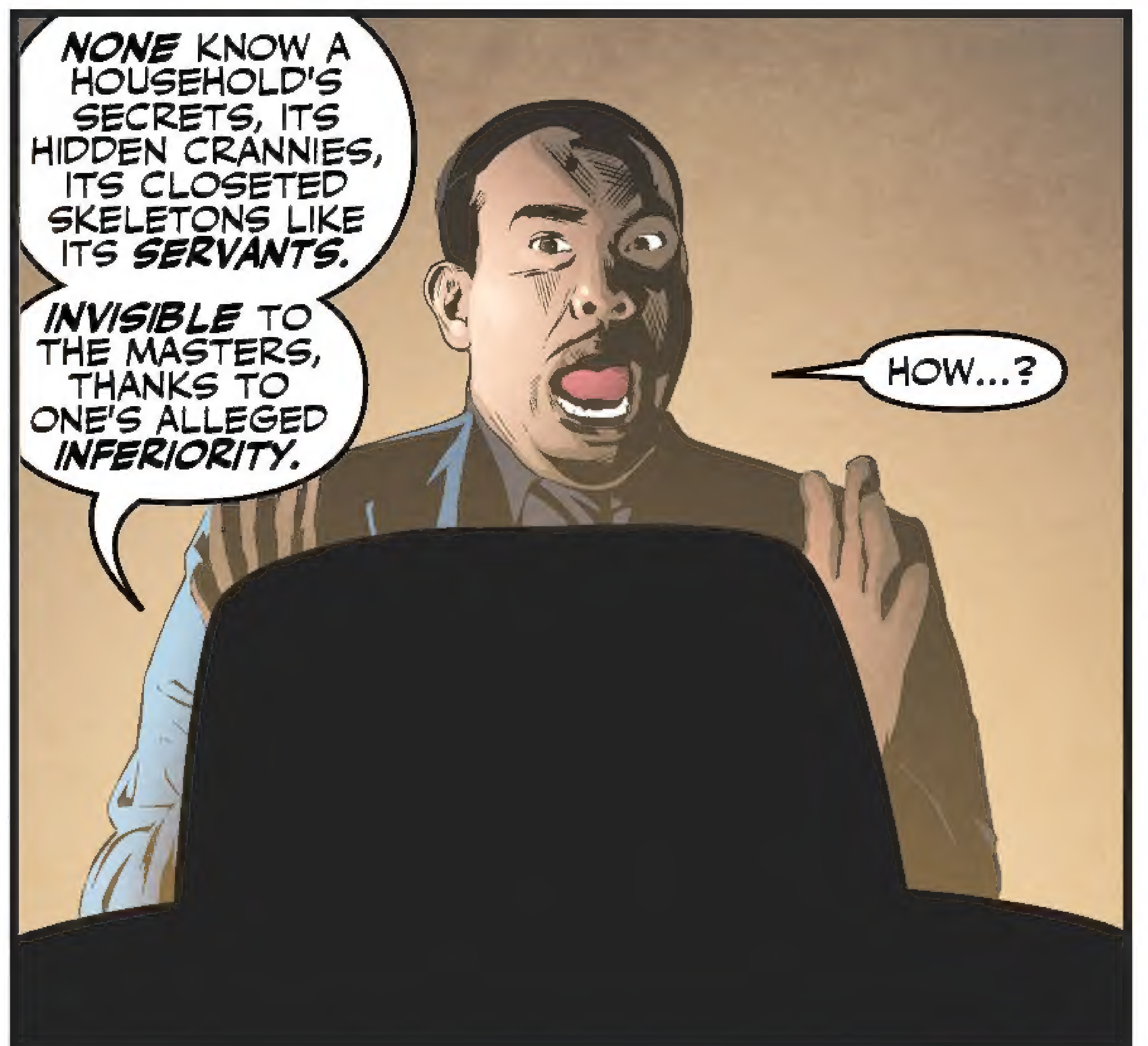
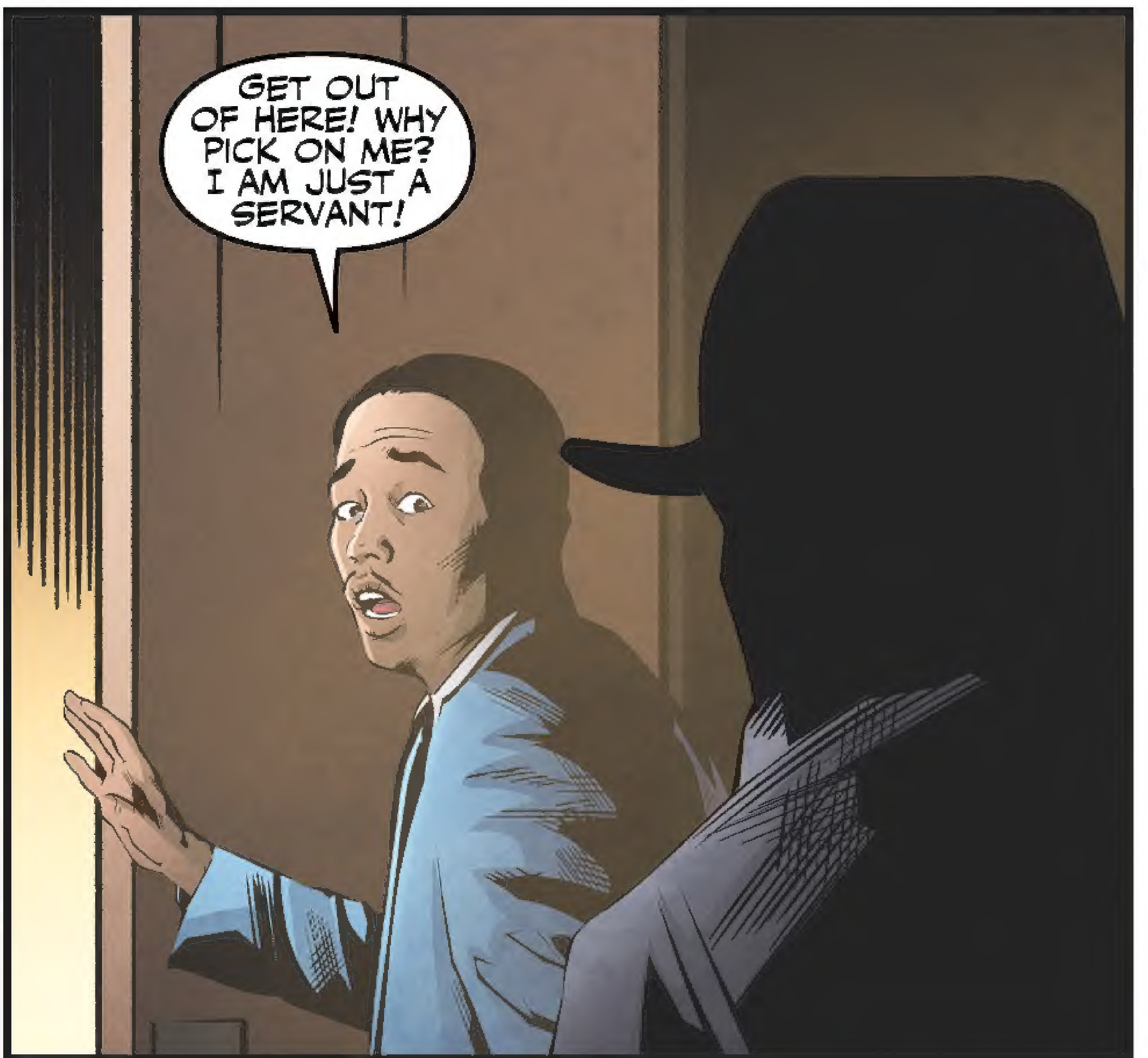
SO WHAT IF IT IS? WHO ARE YOU TO-



"THEREFORE, YOU ARE THE **BARTENDER** AT THE **SHANGHAI CLUB**."

"PARTICULARLY WHEN **STIRLING FESSENDEN** AND HIS FRIENDS MEET THERE, YES?"

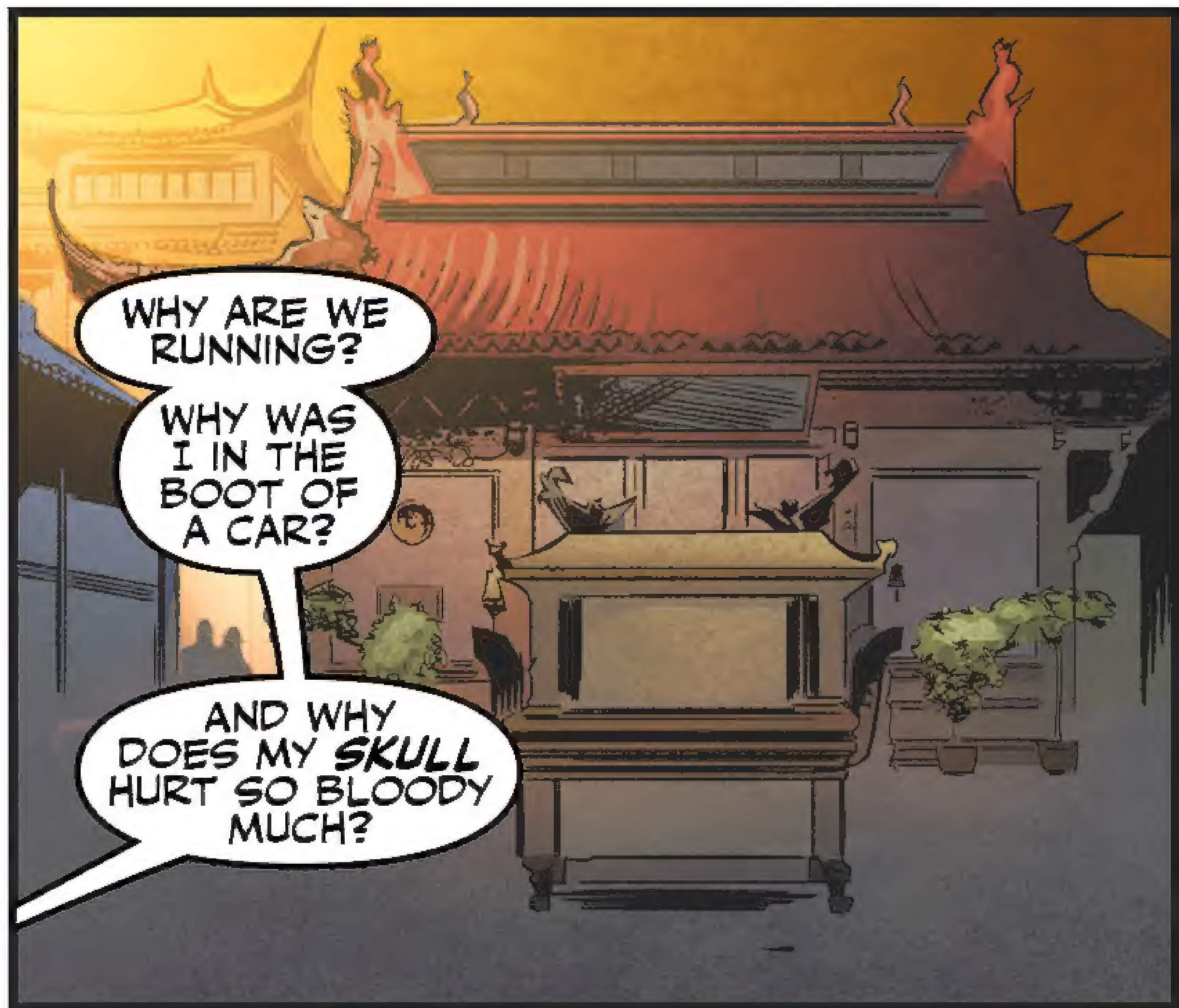








THIS WAY!  
COME ON!



WHY ARE WE  
RUNNING?

WHY WAS  
I IN THE  
BOOT OF  
A CAR?

AND WHY  
DOES MY **SKULL**  
HURT SO BLOODY  
MUCH?



THOSE  
QUESTIONS... ALL  
OF THEM HAVE THE  
SAME ANSWER.

**ZHANG.**

MY  
HUSBAND.

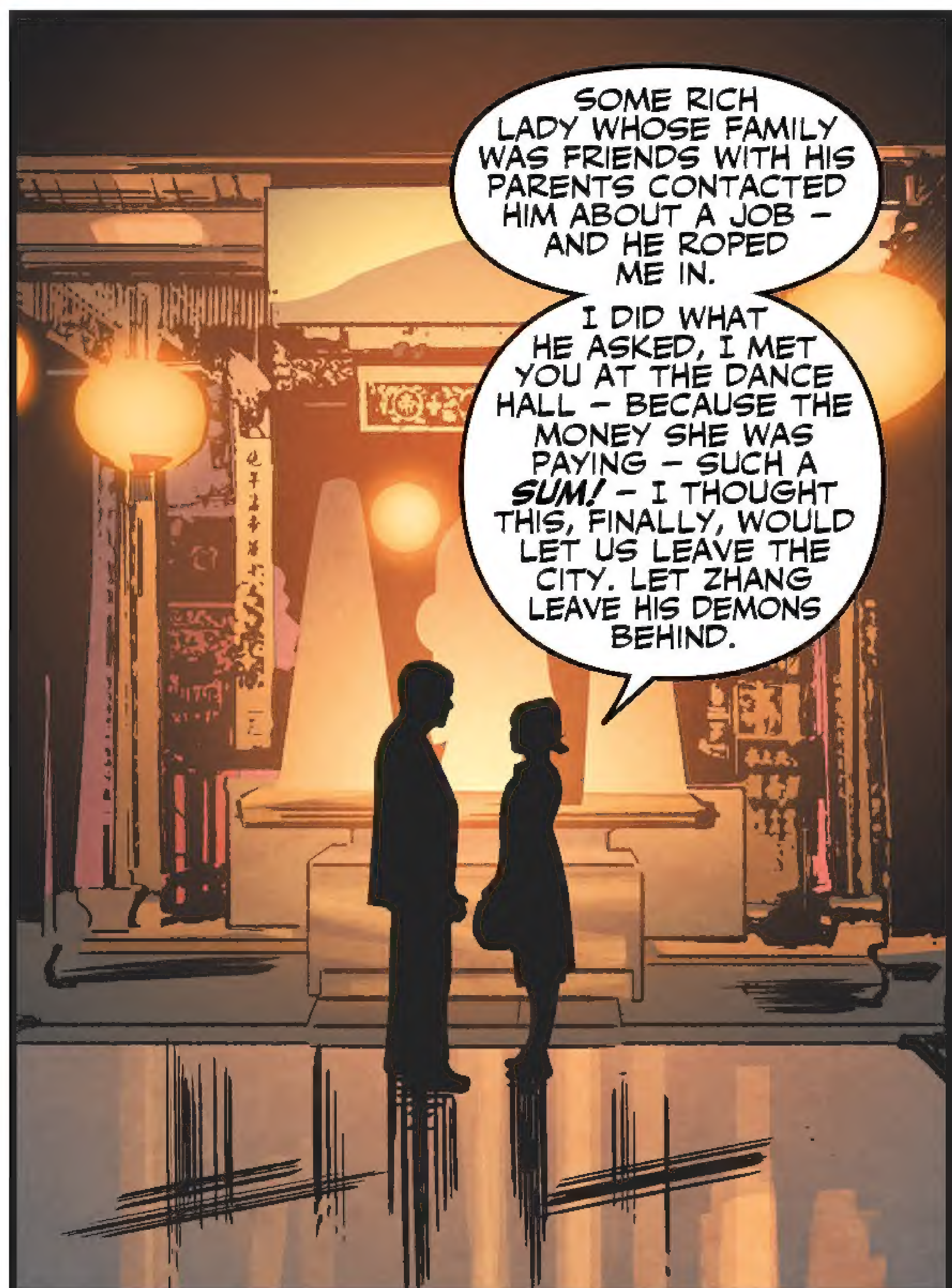
YOUR...?



WE GREW  
UP TOGETHER.  
MY MOTHER WAS A  
MAID IN HIS FAMILY  
MANSION.

BACK  
WHEN HE HAD  
MONEY ... A  
FUTURE.

A  
**SOUL.**



SOME RICH  
LADY WHOSE FAMILY  
WAS FRIENDS WITH HIS  
PARENTS CONTACTED  
HIM ABOUT A JOB -  
AND HE ROPED  
ME IN.

I DID WHAT  
HE ASKED, I MET  
YOU AT THE DANCE  
HALL - BECAUSE THE  
MONEY SHE WAS  
PAYING - SUCH A  
**SUM!** - I THOUGHT  
THIS, FINALLY, WOULD  
LET US LEAVE THE  
CITY. LET ZHANG  
LEAVE HIS DEMONS  
BEHIND.





WHAT A FOOL! I'VE HAD SUCH THOUGHTS A DOZEN TIMES BEFORE.

HE'S ALREADY LOST IT ALL! HE WAS GOING TO TRY AND SELL YOU TO HIS CONTACT TOO -



- BUT I COULDN'T BEAR IT. IT'S TOO MUCH, TOO MUCH FOR ANYONE TO BEAR...

SO THE BOX... THE BOX IS GONE?

YOU MUST TELL ME WHO ZHANG'S BUYER WAS!

I DON'T KNOW THE BUYER'S NAME. AND IT DOESN'T MATTER, ANYWAY-



OH, I ASSURE YOU, IT DOES! MY FUTURE IN THE ORDER DEPENDS ON IT!

NO I MEAN...

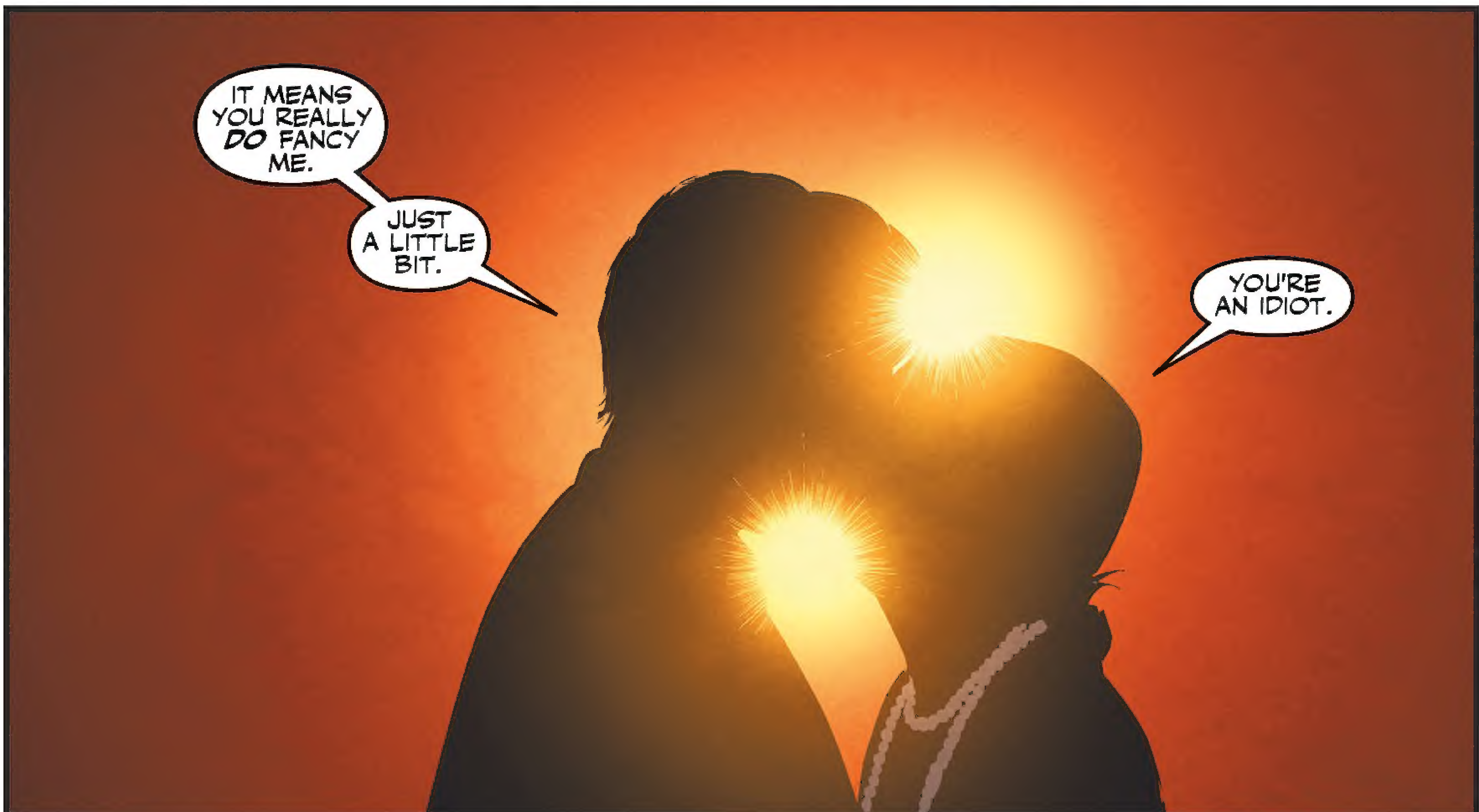
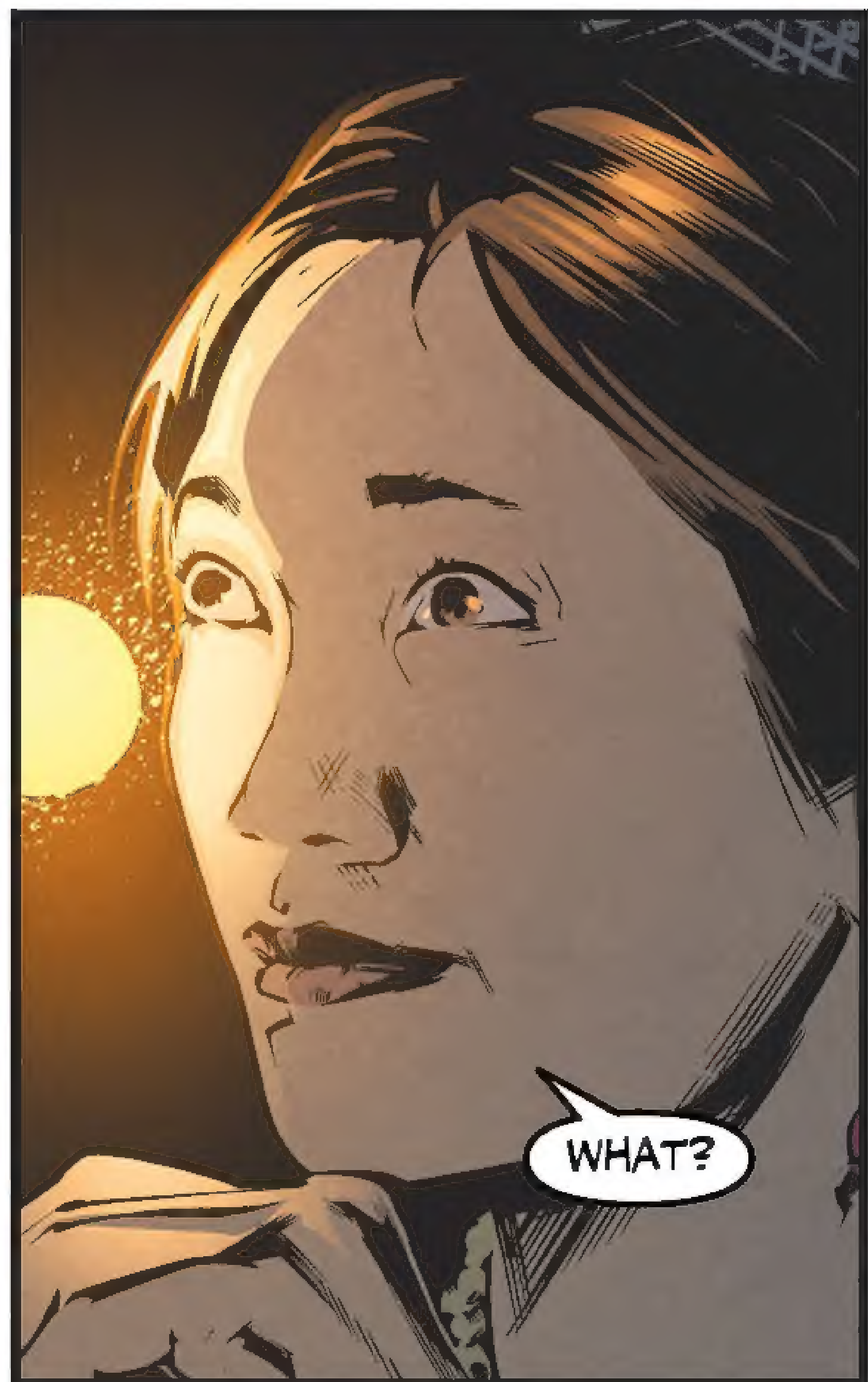


THE BOX DOESN'T MATTER ANYMORE.

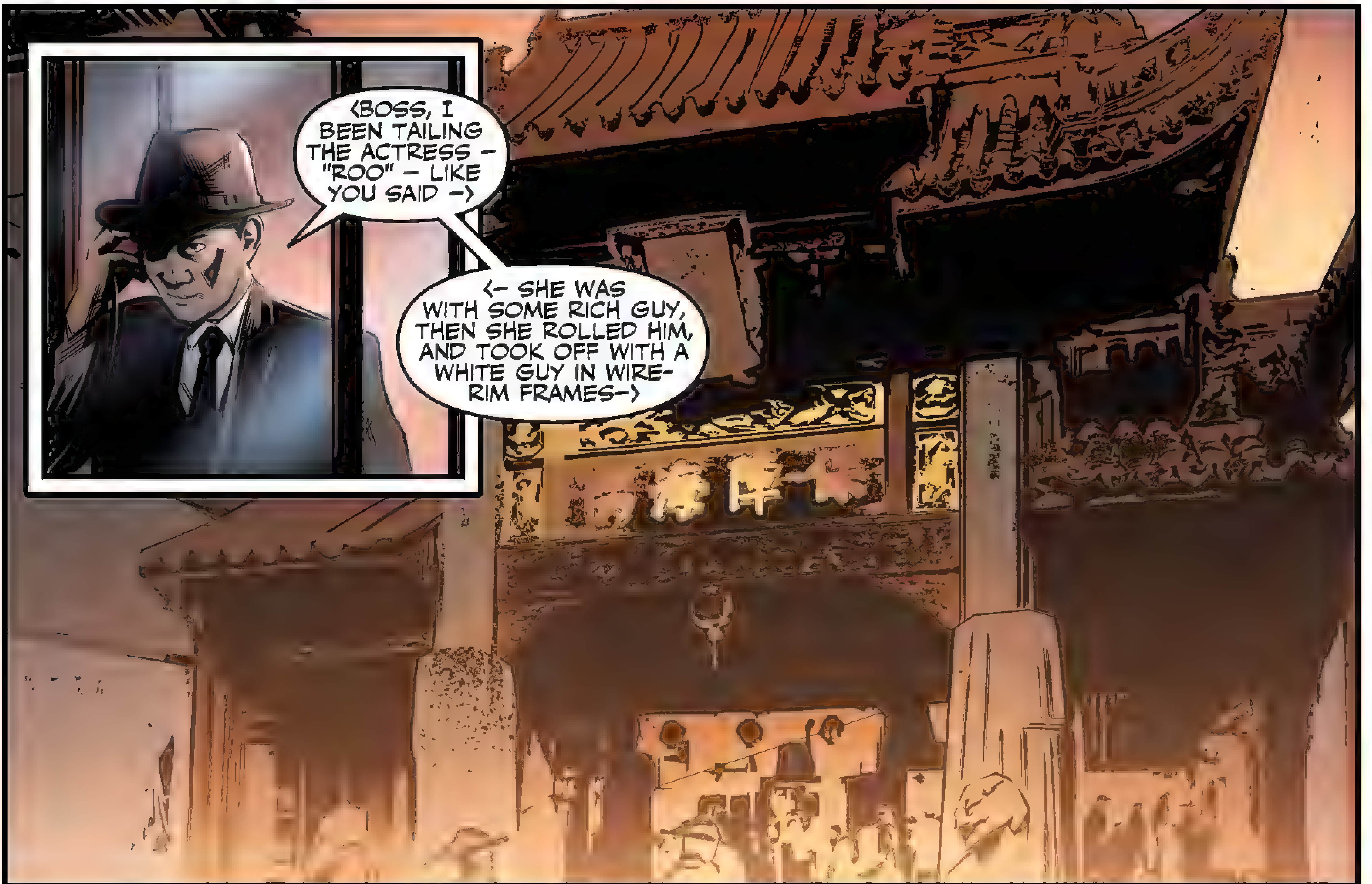
I CAN'T TRUST ZHANG WITH MONEY - AND HE WOULDN'T LEAD ME TO HIS BUYER -

SO I MADE SURE HE COULDN'T CUT ME OUT.









«BOSS, I  
BEEN TAILING  
THE ACTRESS -  
"ROO" - LIKE  
YOU SAID -»

«- SHE WAS  
WITH SOME RICH GUY,  
THEN SHE ROLLED HIM,  
AND TOOK OFF WITH A  
WHITE GUY IN WIRE-  
RIM FRAMES-»



«- THEY  
DUCKED INTO THE  
TEMPLE OF THE  
CITY GODS. SHOULD  
I STAY ON  
THEM?»

«YES.»

«I WILL  
BE SENDING  
FLOWERY  
FLAG TO YOU  
SHORTLY.»



«FLOWERY...»

«OKAY!  
I WON'T LET  
'EM OUT OF MY  
SIGHT!»



«FLAG.»

«THERE  
WAS A GIRL,  
"ROO," THAT  
BLACK CROSS  
MENTIONED -  
I DIDN'T KNOW  
HER. IT'S THE  
NICKNAME OF  
RUAN LINGYU, A  
MINOR MINGXING  
STARLET.»





«I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT PART SHE PLAYS IN THIS. SO I HAD XU FOLLOW HER.»

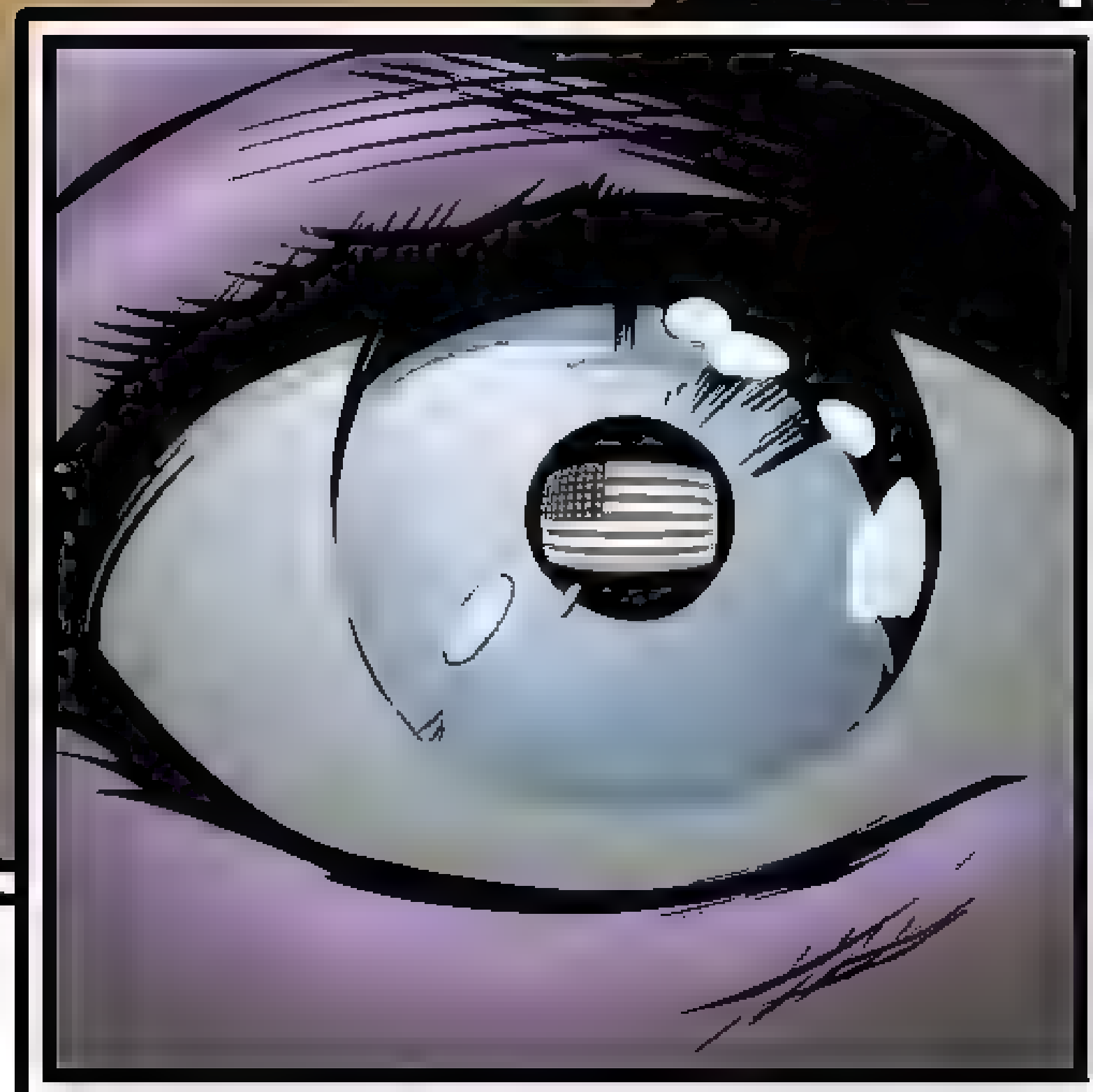
«SHE'S HOLED UP IN THE CITY GOD TEMPLE WITH A **TEMPLAR PUP**, A BRITISHER IN CIRCULAR GLASSES.»

«I AM ON THE CUSP OF REAPING THE REWARDS OF YEARS OF PLANNING, AND THEY ARE **LOOSE ENDS.**»

«AND YOU KNOW HOW I **DETEST** LOOSE ENDS.»



A-OK, BOSS.  
CONSIDER IT ALREADY **DONE.**



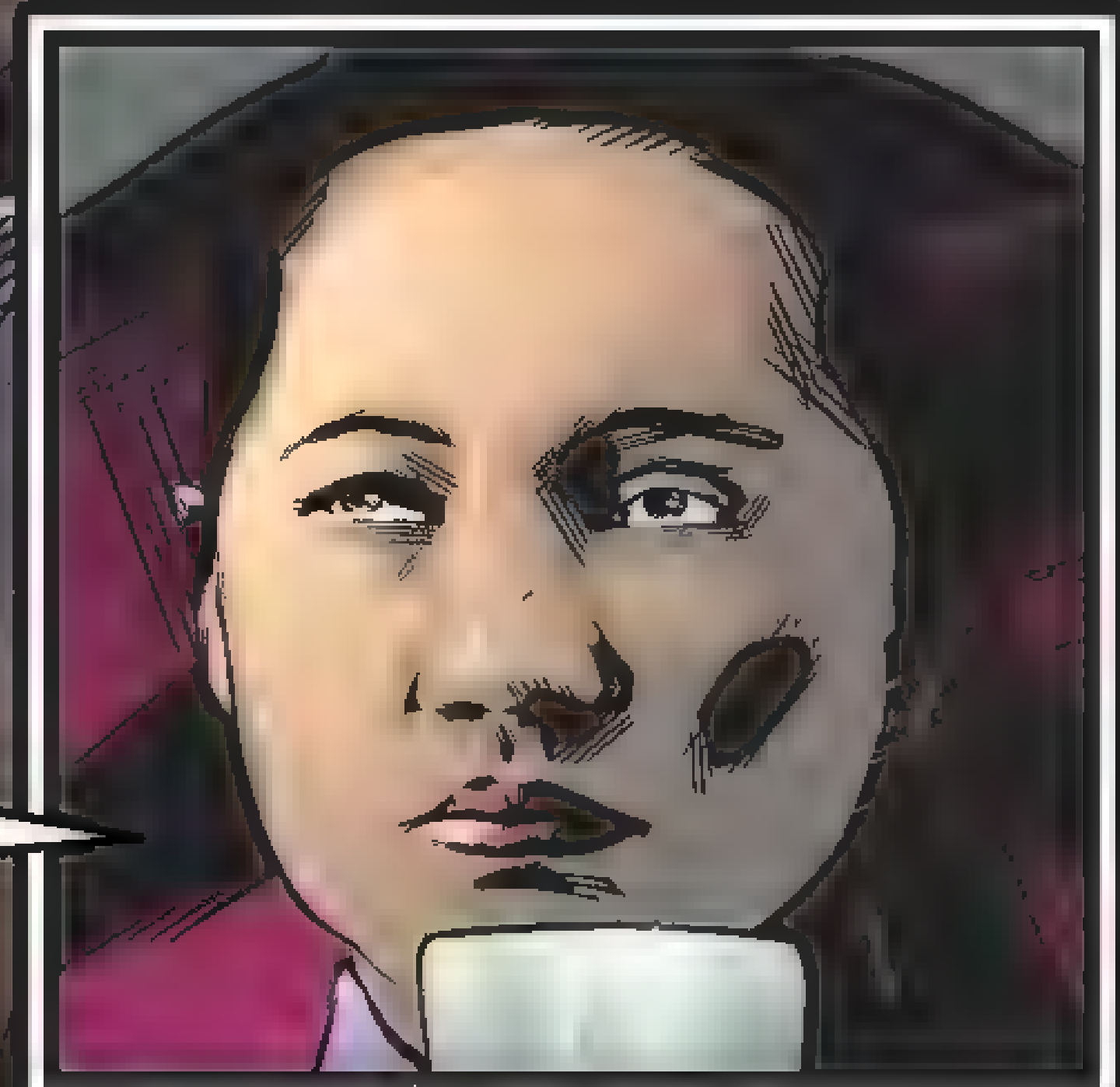




SOONG  
CHING-LING.

ALSO  
KNOWN AS  
**MADAME**  
**SUN.**

AND YOU  
ARE **BLACK**  
**CROSS**, I  
PRESUME?



WOULD  
YOU LIKE TO SHOW  
SOME **MANNERS** BY  
TAKING OFF THAT  
HAT AND RIDICULOUS  
SCARF AND HAVING  
SOME TEA?

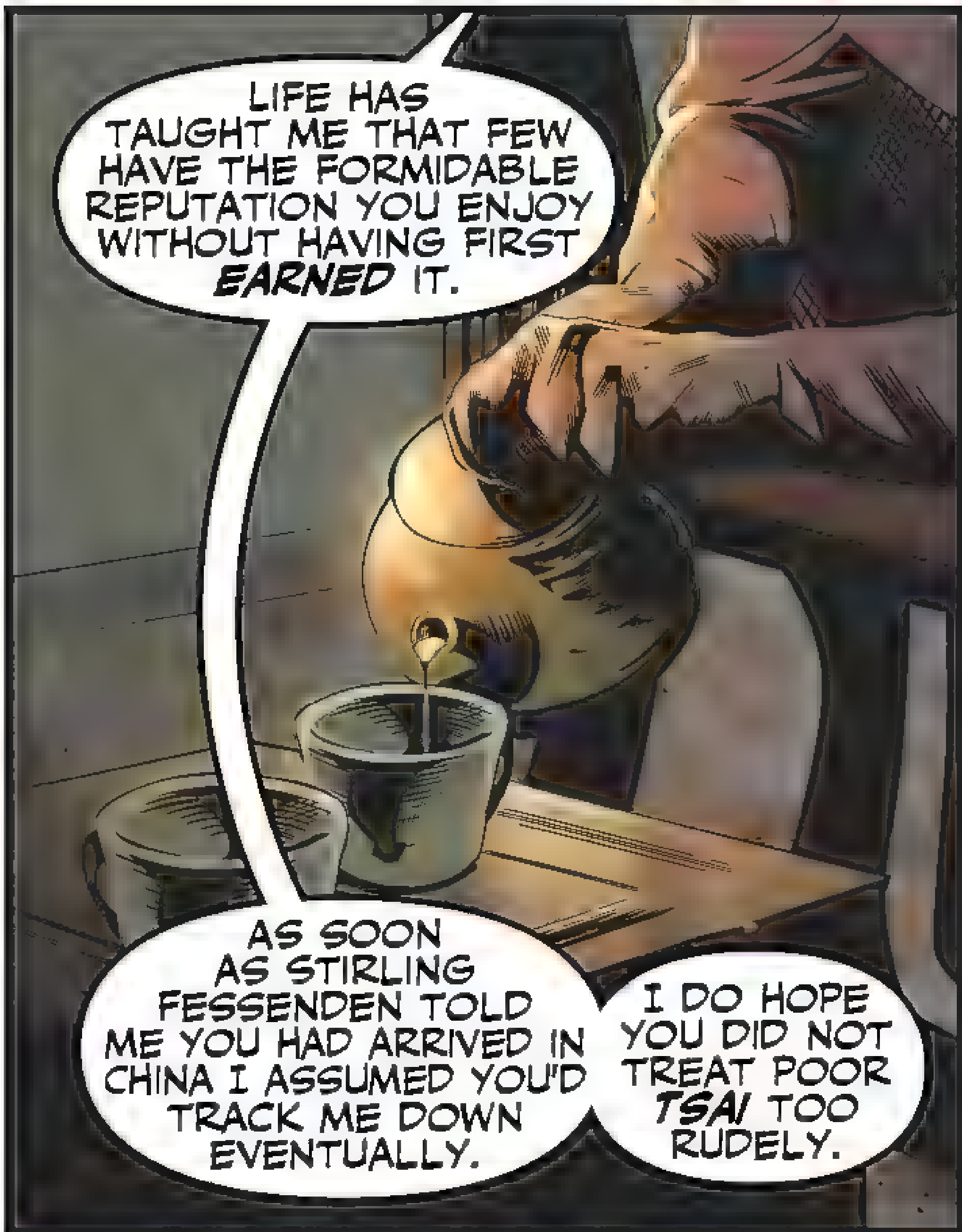
I'VE BEEN  
EXPECTING  
YOU.



OH?

FEW  
DO.





LIFE HAS TAUGHT ME THAT FEW HAVE THE FORMIDABLE REPUTATION YOU ENJOY WITHOUT HAVING FIRST **EARNED** IT.

AS SOON AS STIRLING FESSENDEN TOLD ME YOU HAD ARRIVED IN CHINA I ASSUMED YOU'D TRACK ME DOWN EVENTUALLY.

I DO HOPE YOU DID NOT TREAT POOR **TSAI** TOO RUDELY.



SEE FOR YOURSELF.

◀MADAME SUN YAT-SEN! I BEG YOUR FORGIVENESS! I THOUGHT - HE ALREADY KNEW EVERYTHING - HE TRICKED ME TO LEADING HIM HERE-▶



◀THERE, THERE, TSAI. YOU HAVE DONE ALL I HAVE EVER ASKED OF YOU.▶

◀MY HUSBAND WOULD HAVE BEEN PROUD.▶



I BELIEVE I **WILL** HAVE THAT TEA.



WISE MAN.

YOUR ENGLISH IS EXCELLENT.

THANK YOU. I WENT TO COLLEGE AT **WESLEYAN**... IN MACON, GEORGIA?



HAVE YOU EVER BEEN THERE? SUCH A GENTEEL PLACE.

I'VE HEARD OF IT. I'M...

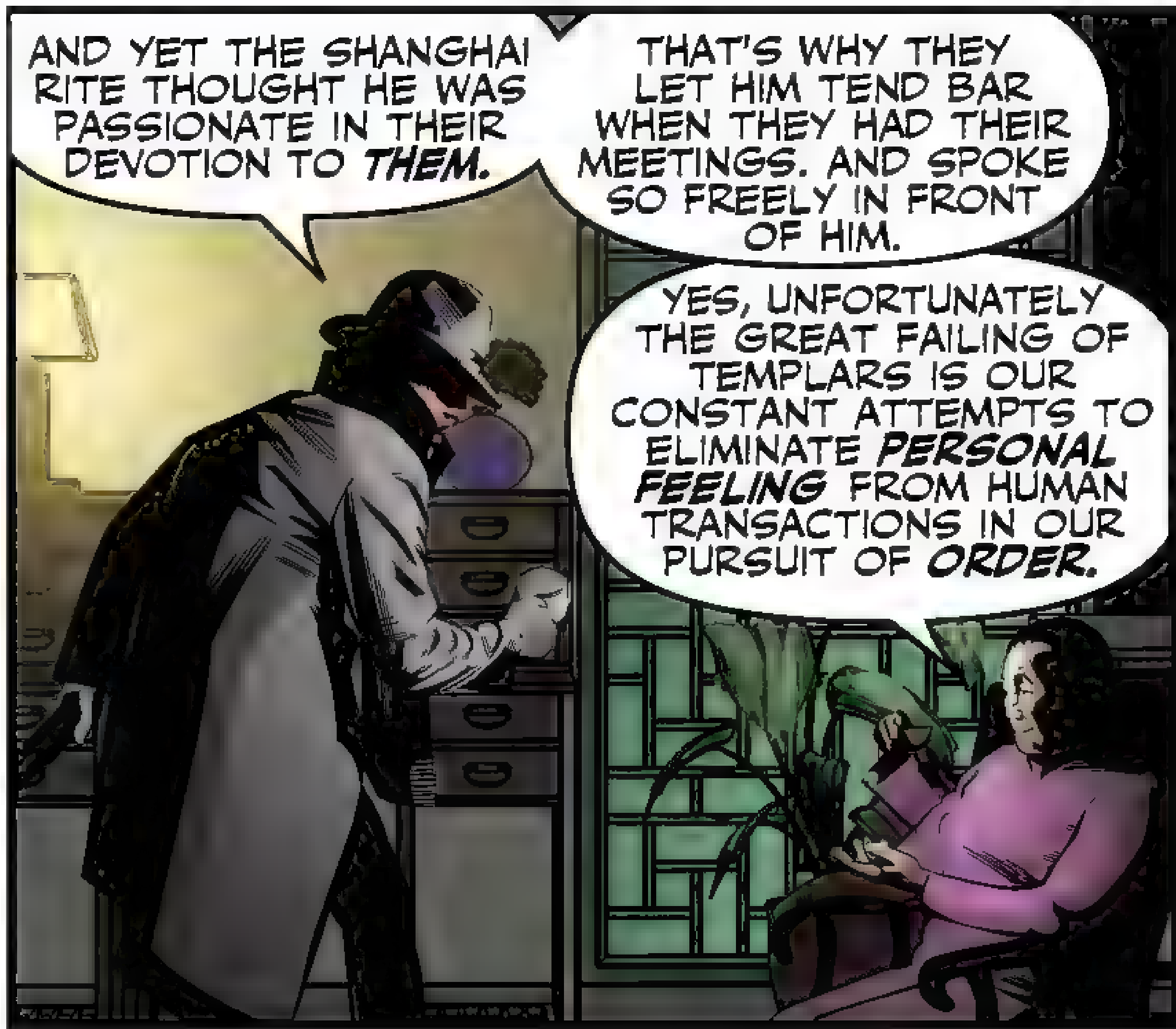
MY PEOPLE ARE FROM BALTIMORE.

OH, LOVELY. A LOVELY TOWN.





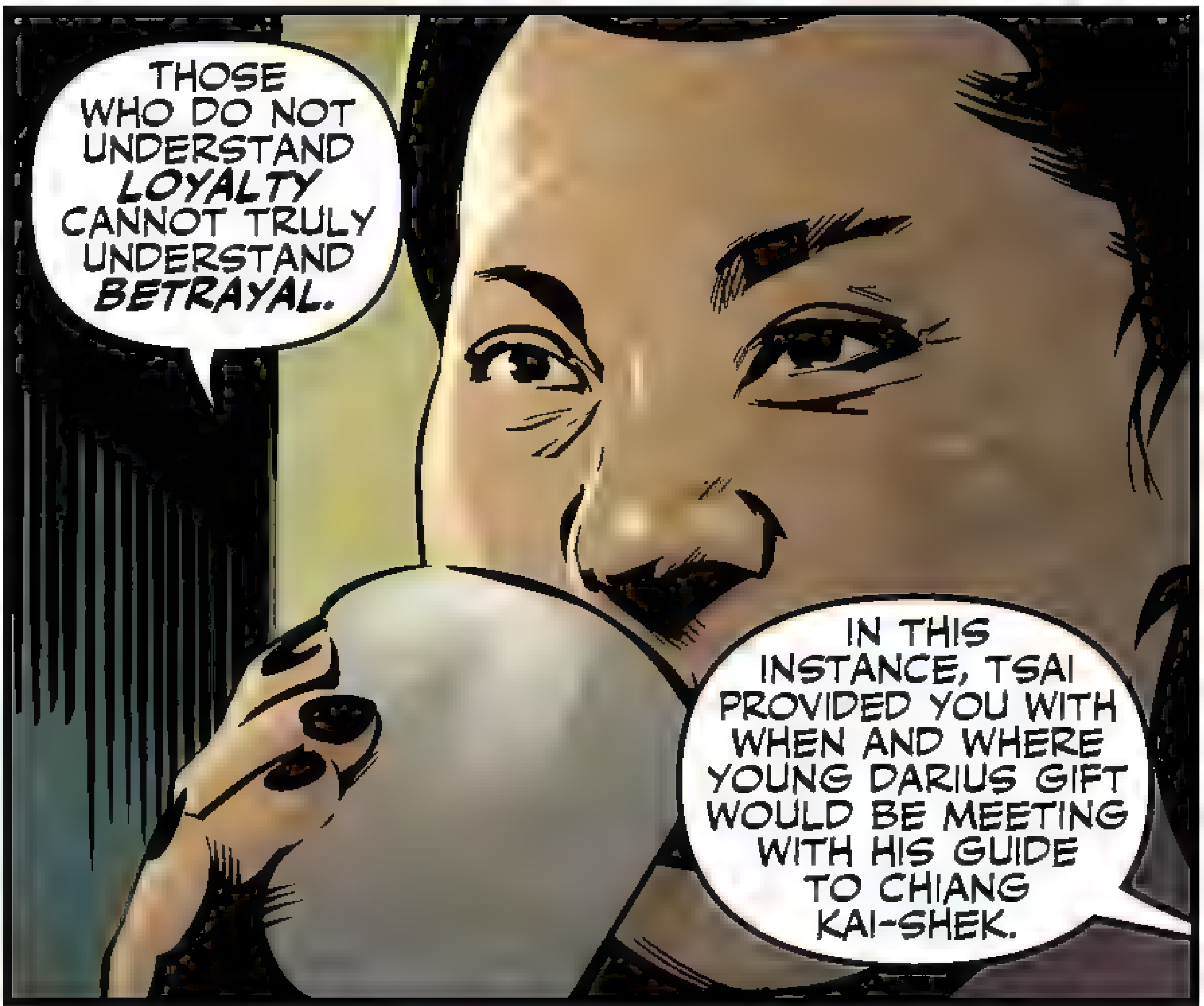




AND YET THE SHANGHAI RITE THOUGHT HE WAS PASSIONATE IN THEIR DEVOTION TO *THEM*.

THAT'S WHY THEY LET HIM TEND BAR WHEN THEY HAD THEIR MEETINGS. AND SPOKE SO FREELY IN FRONT OF HIM.

YES, UNFORTUNATELY THE GREAT FAILING OF TEMPLARS IS OUR CONSTANT ATTEMPTS TO ELIMINATE *PERSONAL FEELING* FROM HUMAN TRANSACTIONS IN OUR PURSUIT OF *ORDER*.



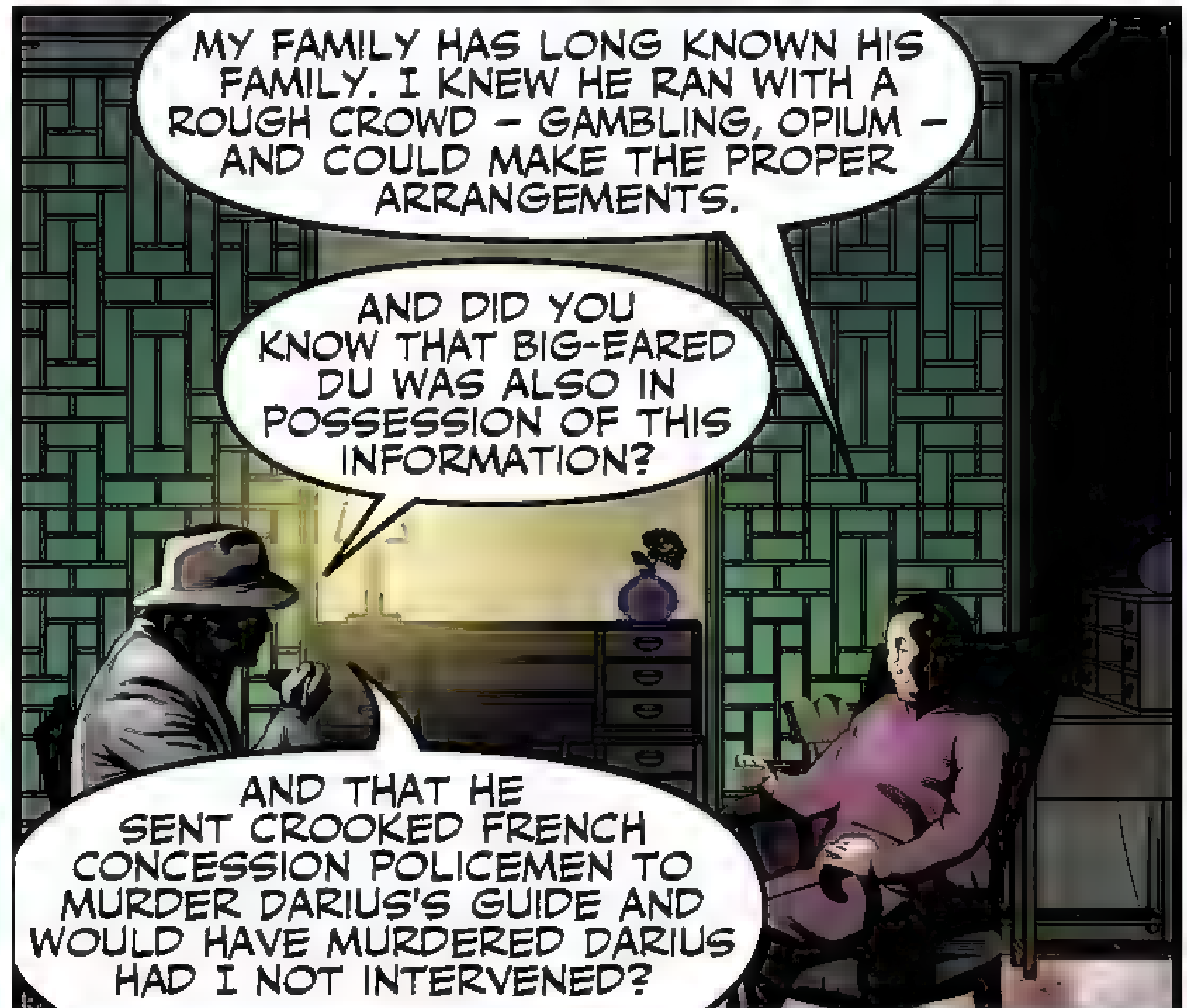
THOSE WHO DO NOT UNDERSTAND *LOYALTY* CANNOT TRULY UNDERSTAND *BETRAYAL*.

IN THIS INSTANCE, TSAI PROVIDED YOU WITH WHEN AND WHERE YOUNG DARIUS GIFT WOULD BE MEETING WITH HIS GUIDE TO CHIANG KAI-SHEK.



AND YOU SENT A YOUNG LADY TO INTERCEPT HIM AND STEAL THE BOX HE WAS TO DELIVER TO THE GENERAL.

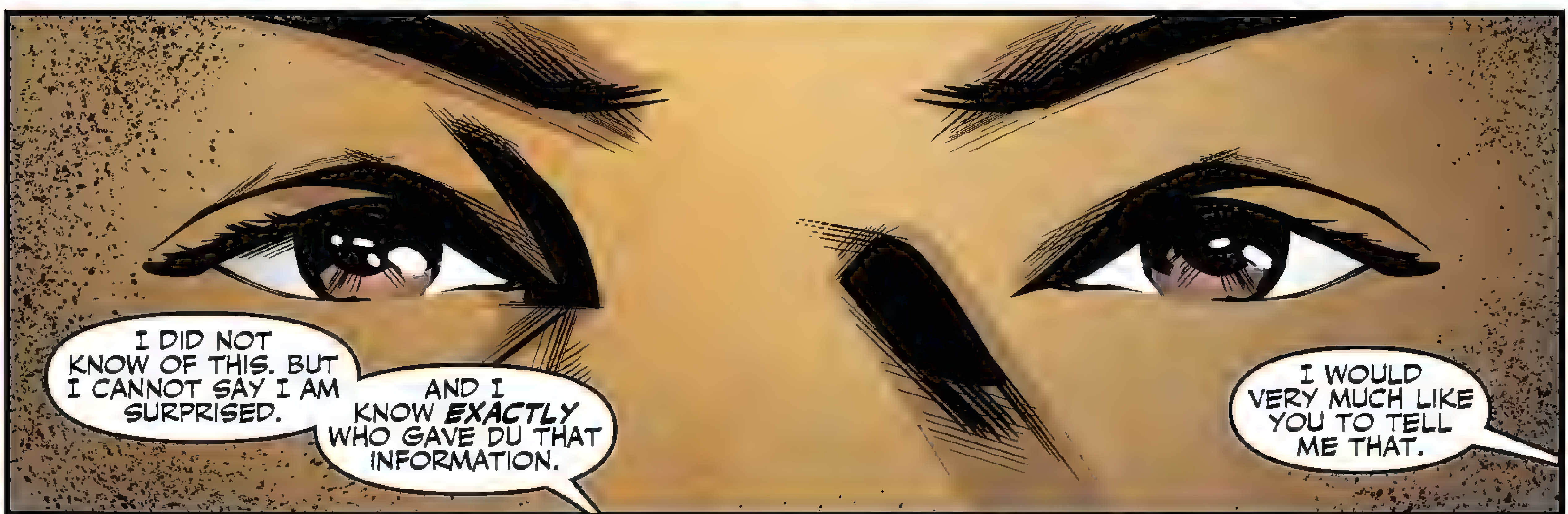
WAS IT A YOUNG LADY? I DON'T KNOW WHO ZHANG SENT.



MY FAMILY HAS LONG KNOWN HIS FAMILY. I KNEW HE RAN WITH A ROUGH CROWD - GAMBLING, OPIUM - AND COULD MAKE THE PROPER ARRANGEMENTS.

AND DID YOU KNOW THAT BIG-EARED DU WAS ALSO IN POSSESSION OF THIS INFORMATION?

AND THAT HE SENT CROOKED FRENCH CONCESSION POLICEMEN TO MURDER DARIUS'S GUIDE AND WOULD HAVE MURDERED DARIUS HAD I NOT INTERVENED?



I DID NOT KNOW OF THIS. BUT I CANNOT SAY I AM SURPRISED.

AND I KNOW *EXACTLY* WHO GAVE DU THAT INFORMATION.

I WOULD VERY MUCH LIKE YOU TO TELL ME THAT.



AS YOU CAN SEE...

...I HAVE FINISHED MY TEA.





BUT FIRST...  
... "ROO"  
AND ZHANG  
GAVE YOU  
THE BOX,  
YES?  
GIVE  
IT TO  
ME.

YOU  
DON'T  
WANT  
IT.



I  
DO.  
ITS  
COURIER...  
... I FEEL A  
**RESPONSIBILITY**  
TOWARD HIM.



SENTIMENT?  
THE UNIVERSE  
REWARDS  
CONSISTENCY,  
MY FRIEND.

DON'T  
START  
GROWING  
A HEART  
NOW.

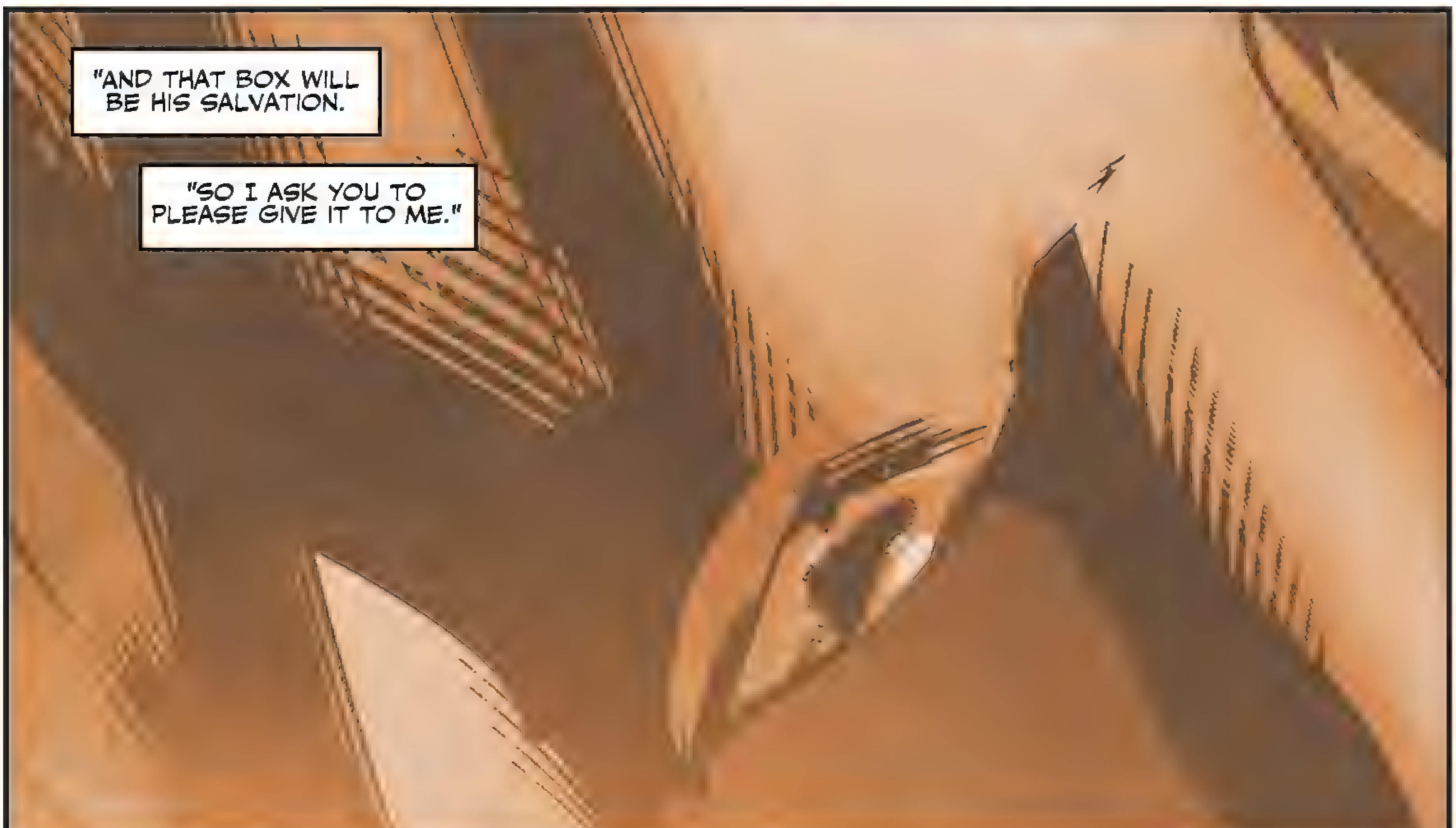
IT WILL  
PROVE YOUR  
UNDOING.



"IT'S NOT  
THAT.

"I... ORPHANED  
HIM. AND IN DOING SO,  
RUINED HIS PROSPECTS.

"THERE'S NO REASON  
FOR HIM TO BE PUNISHED  
FOR SOMETHING HE HAD  
NOTHING TO DO WITH.



"AND THAT BOX WILL  
BE HIS SALVATION.

"SO I ASK YOU TO  
PLEASE GIVE IT TO ME."

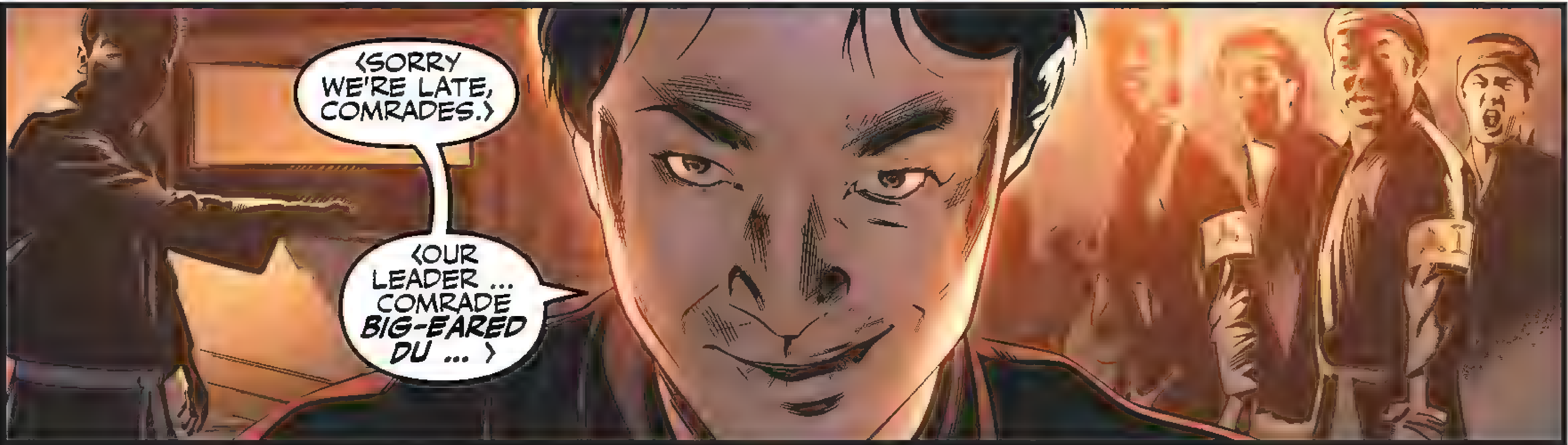




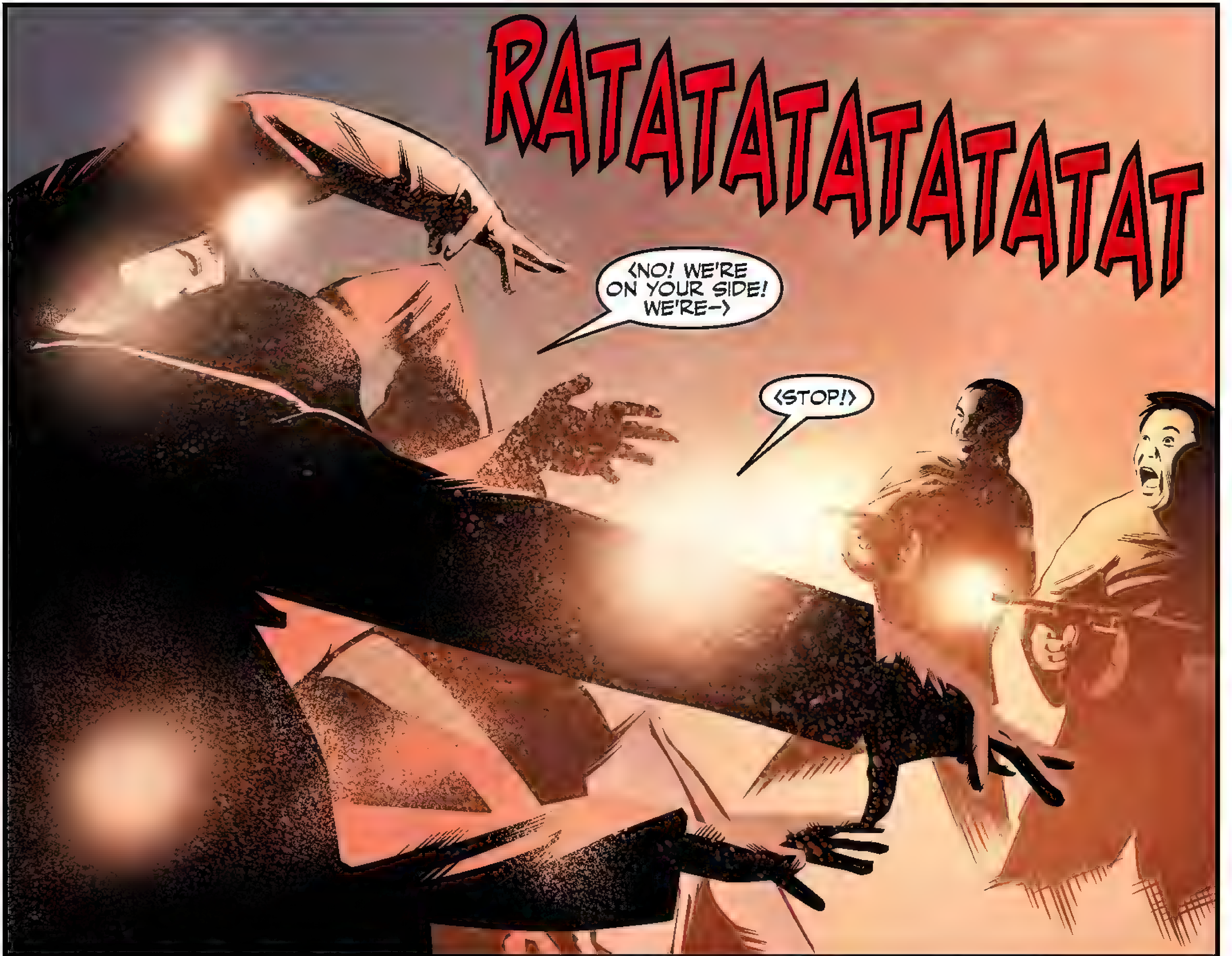


April 12, 1927

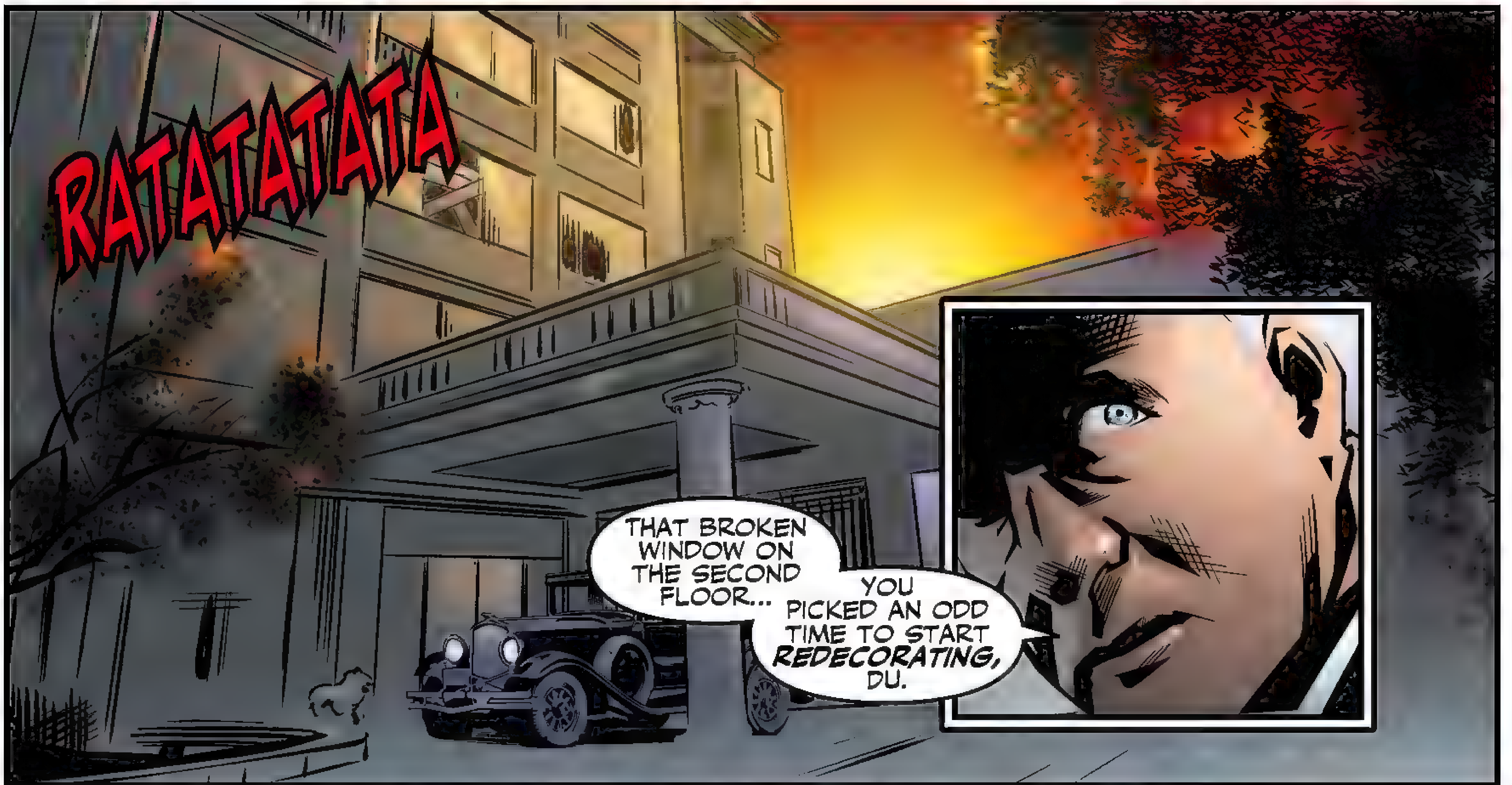
ARRROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO











THAT BROKEN WINDOW ON THE SECOND FLOOR...

YOU PICKED AN ODD TIME TO START REDECORATING, DU.



ALAS, YOUR **TEMPLAR AGENTS** SEEM UNFAMILIAR WITH THE CONCEPT OF **DOORS**.

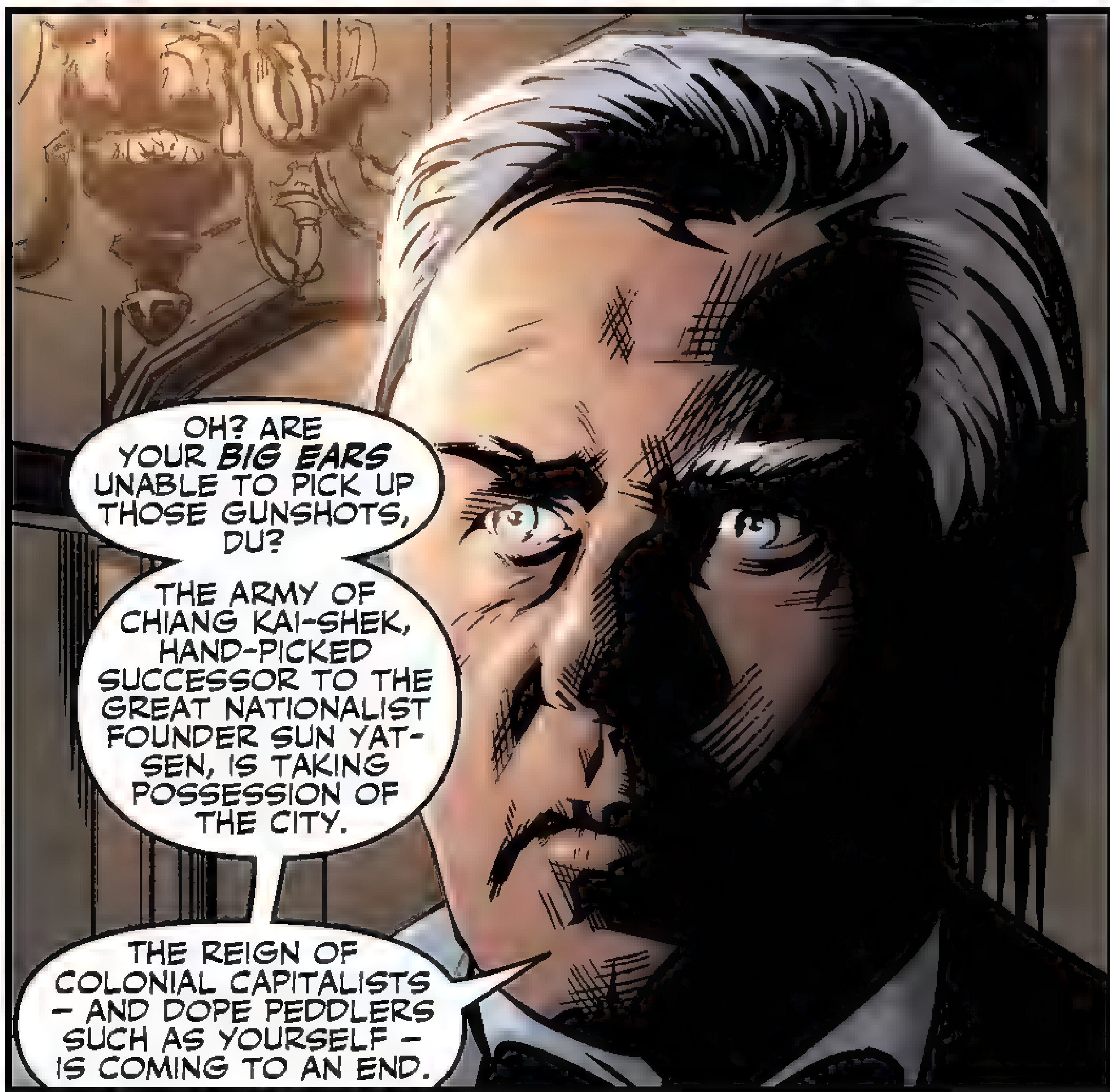
YOU **WILL** BE GETTING A **BILL**, MR. FESSENDEN.



"TEMPLARS?" I AM AFRAID I AM UNAWARE OF SUCH AN ORGANIZATION—

UGH. I AM SO VERY TIRED OF YOUR **SECRET CLUB GAMES**.

AND REJOICE I SHALL SUFFER THEM NO LONGER.



OH? ARE YOUR **BIG EARS** UNABLE TO PICK UP THOSE GUNSHOTS, DU?

THE ARMY OF CHIANG KAI-SHEK, HAND-PICKED SUCCESSOR TO THE GREAT NATIONALIST FOUNDER SUN YAT-SEN, IS TAKING POSSESSION OF THE CITY.

THE REIGN OF COLONIAL CAPITALISTS — AND DOPE PEDDLERS SUCH AS YOURSELF — IS COMING TO AN END.



MMM.

HOW TERRIFYING.





BE THAT AS IT MAY, I SUMMONED YOU HERE TO MEET MY NEW BUSINESS PARTNER, MR. FESSENDEN...

MY GOD...

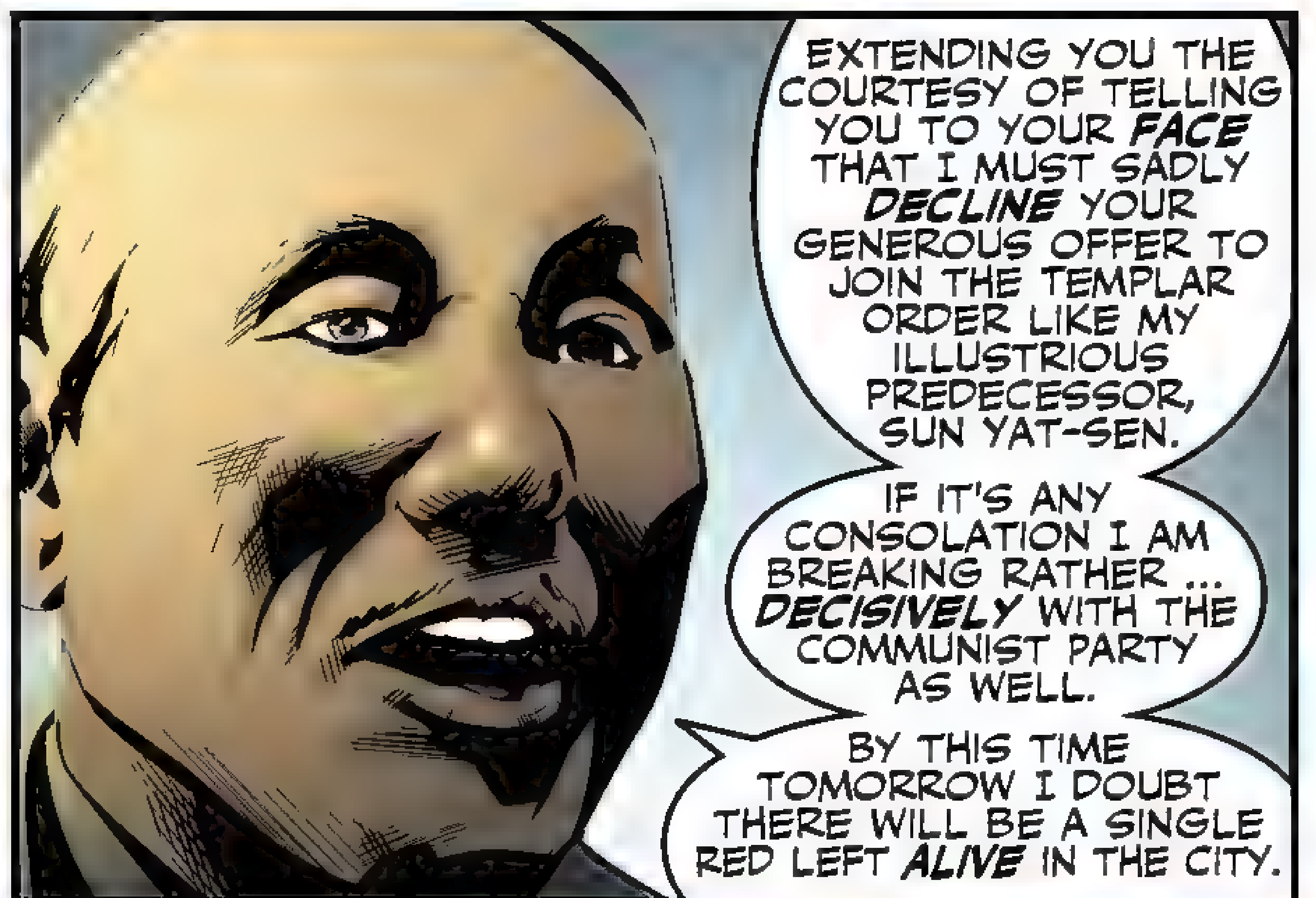
...THOUGH, REALLY, OUR ASSOCIATION GOES BACK **SOME TIME...**

HELLO, MASTER STIRLING.

GENERAL! GENERALISSIMO CHIANG!



I DON'T...  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WITH **HIM?**



EXTENDING YOU THE COURTESY OF TELLING YOU TO YOUR **FACE** THAT I MUST SADLY **DECLINE** YOUR GENEROUS OFFER TO JOIN THE TEMPLAR ORDER LIKE MY ILLUSTRIOUS PREDECESSOR, SUN YAT-SEN.

IF IT'S ANY CONSOLATION I AM BREAKING RATHER... **DECISIVELY** WITH THE COMMUNIST PARTY AS WELL.

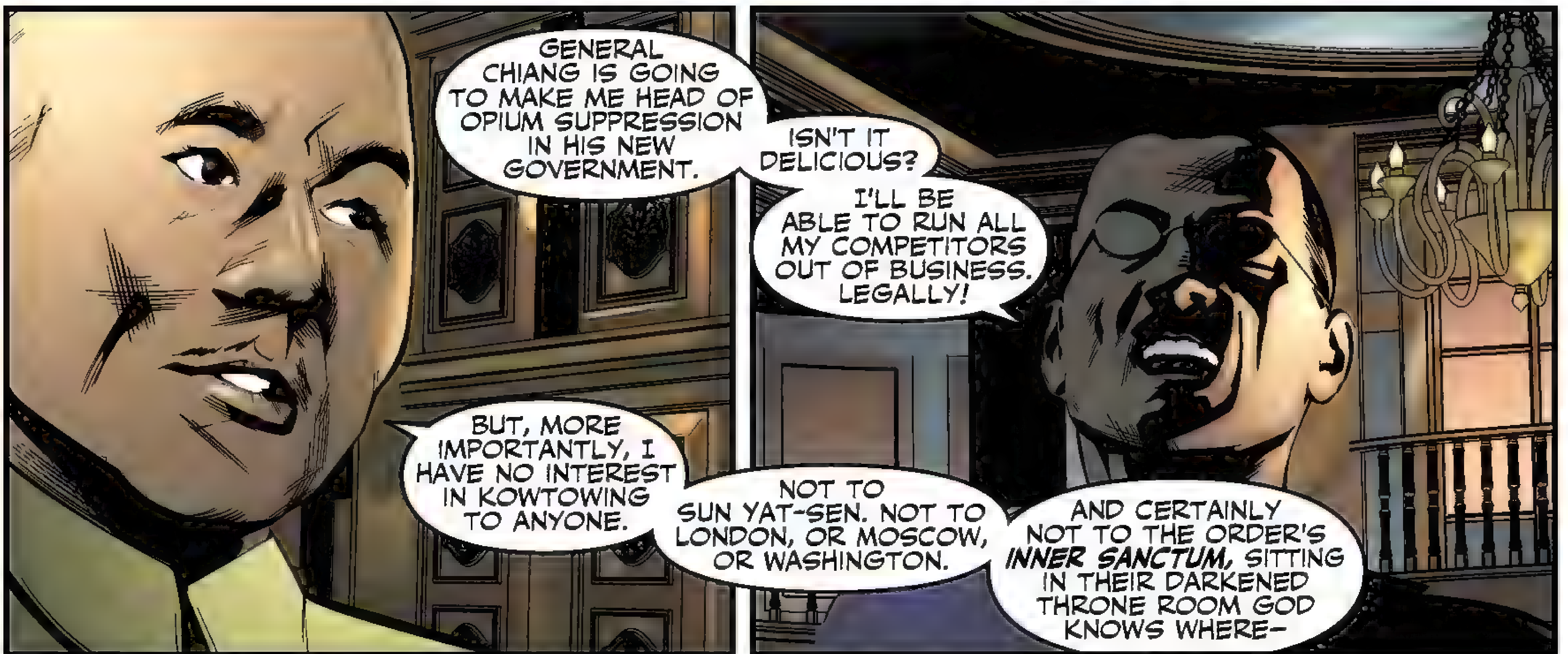
BY THIS TIME TOMORROW I DOUBT THERE WILL BE A SINGLE RED LEFT **ALIVE** IN THE CITY.



BUT ... AFTER ALL OUR SUPPORT ... MONEY ... SUPPLIES ...

OUR BLACK CROSS **PERSONALLY** DESTROYED THE ARMORED TRAIN THAT WAS KEEPING YOU PINNED DOWN IN CHEKIANG PROVINCE--



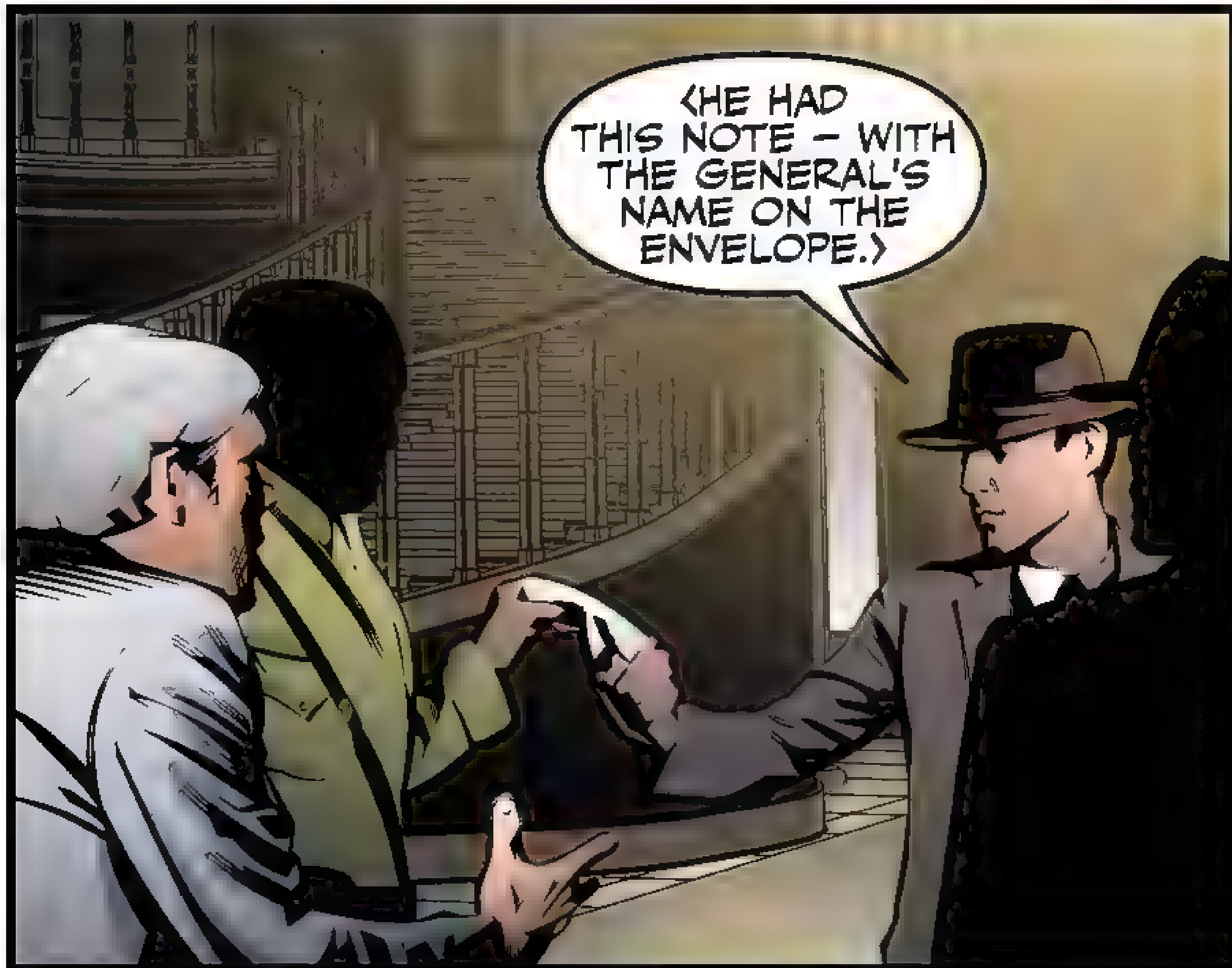






MY GOD!  
THAT'S - THAT'S  
TSAI - THE  
BARTENDER AT  
THE SHANGHAI  
CLUB!

WHAT IS  
GOING ON? HAS  
THE WORLD GONE  
**COMPLETELY**  
MAD?



⟨HE HAD  
THIS NOTE - WITH  
THE GENERAL'S  
NAME ON THE  
ENVELOPE.⟩



HM.  
⟨HE HAS  
DISCOVERED I  
WAS THE ONE  
WHO BETRAYED  
THE TEMPLARS'  
SECRETS TO  
YOU.⟩

⟨WHO?⟩



**BLACK  
CROSS.**

AND I  
ASSUME **THIS**  
MEANS HE'S  
COMING TO  
**KILL ME.**

**TO BE CONTINUED...**



# ASSASSIN'S CREED® TEMPLARS

## BLACK CROSS

PART 4 OF 5

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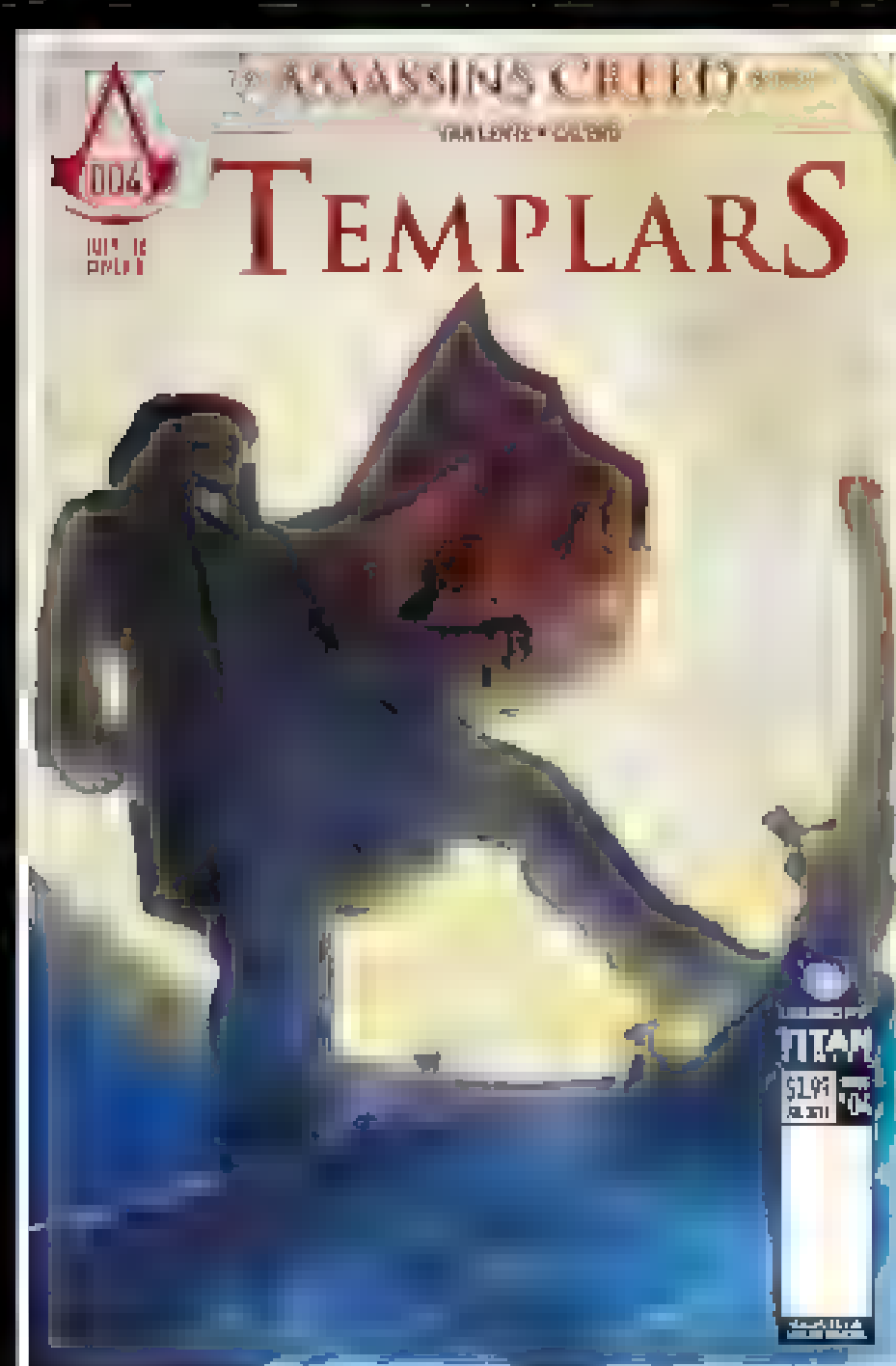
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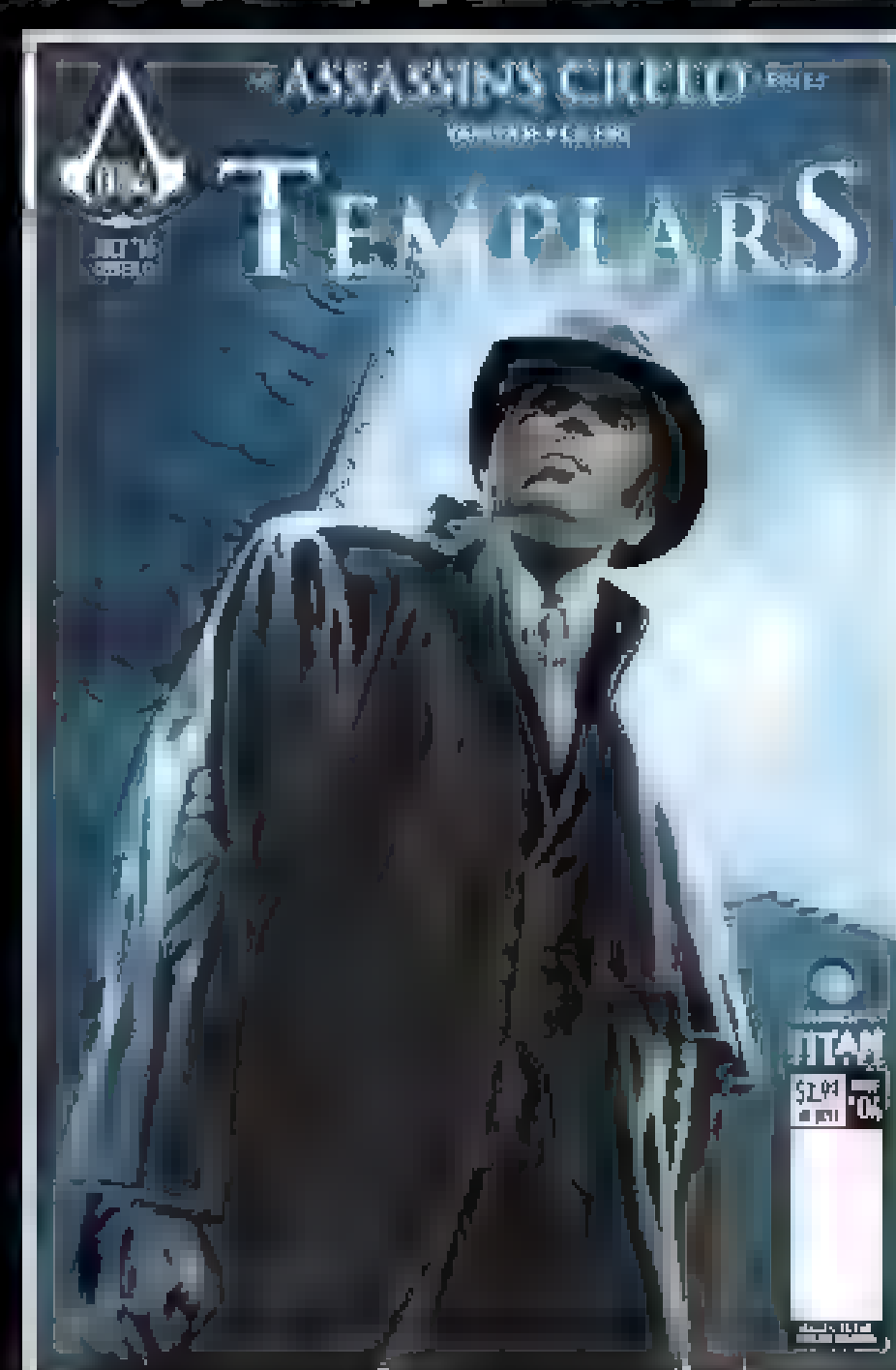
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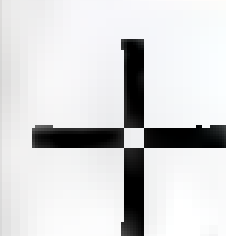
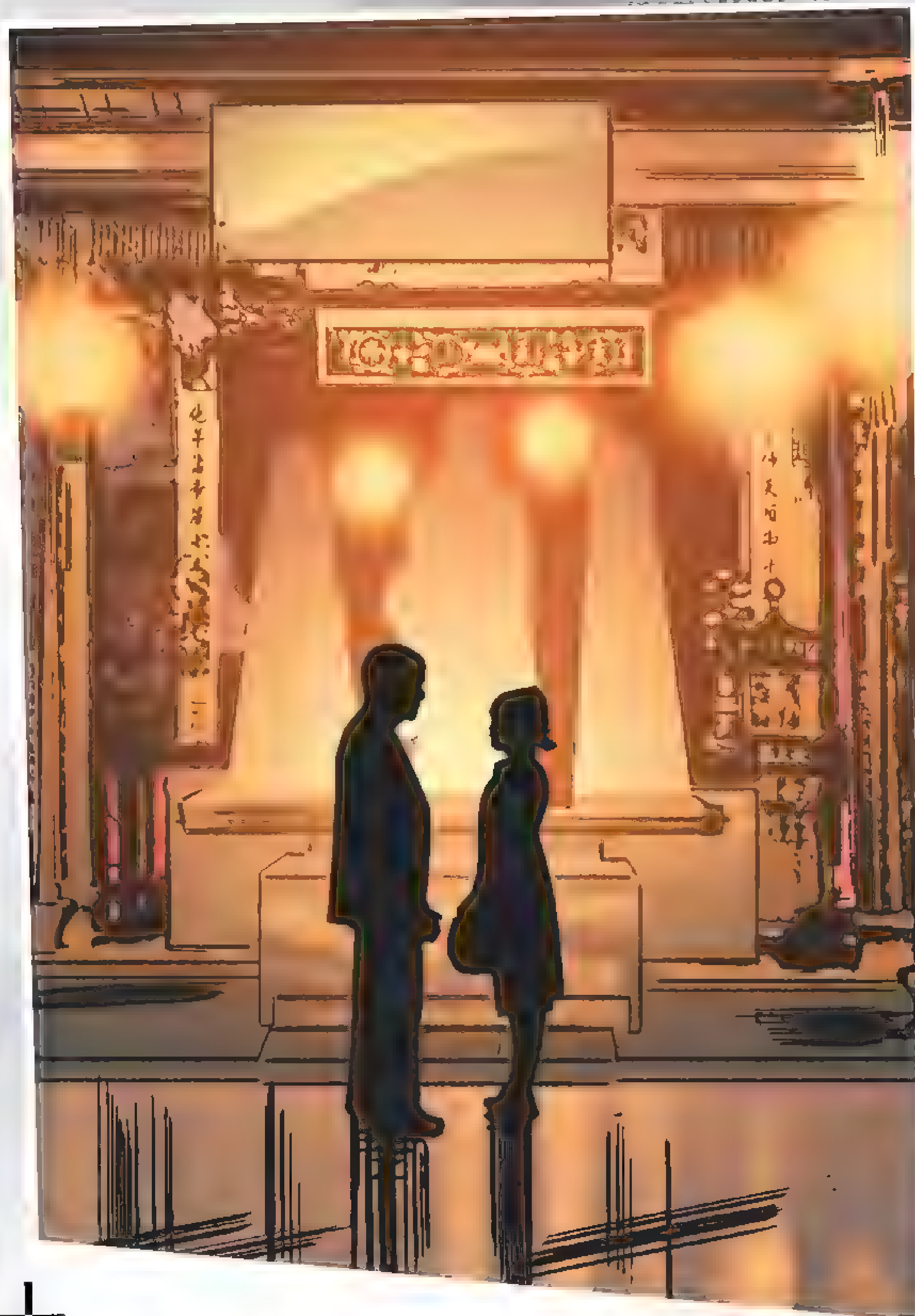




# NEXT

— ON SALE SEPTEMBER —

# ISSUE



## THE WORLD TURNS...

The explosive finale of the first Arc of the captivating Black Cross saga! The horrifying events unfolding around the city of Shanghai become distinctly personal as Darius learns the truth about the death of his father. Will it be too late for Black Cross to atone for his actions, or will Darius be compelled to show his true nature?



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# ASSASSIN'S CREED TEMPLARS

## DU YUSHENG AND THE GREEN GANG THAT RAN SHANGHAI

**T**he chaos and terror that filled the streets of Shanghai in April 1927 was orchestrated and controlled by some of the most powerful and notorious men in the city. One of them was Du Yusheng. In the refined French Concession of the International settlement.

Born in the eastern provincial town of Gaoqiao, his family moved to the nearby city of Shanghai when Du was just a year old. The move was not an auspicious one, as his mother died shortly afterwards in childbirth, his sister was sold into slavery, his father died, and his step-mother disappeared and was never seen again. With no family to support him, Du returned to the countryside to live with his grandmother.

He returned to the city when he was fourteen years old and managed to secure a job in the French Concession, working on a fruit stall. His nefarious tendencies made themselves known early on, as he was fired from that role for theft. Unwilling, or unable, to return to his home town, he scraped together a meager living on the streets, eventually becoming a bodyguard in a brothel, aged only sixteen. It was this job

that solidified his position as a member of the underworld, and it was in this brothel that he first became aware of the Green Gang, the secret society and criminal organization that was flourishing in the disorganization and confusion of the International Settlement and French Concession at that time. Du was intrigued, trusted and quickly became a member.

Still a child by any standards, Du's life course was now set. After some time as a minor gang member, he was introduced to Huang Jinrong, the notorious mob boss who moonlighted as the highest ranking Chinese detective in the French Concession police. While not actually a member of the Green Gang himself, his wife, also a highly accomplished criminal, took a shine to Du, and elevated him to the coveted position of gambling and opium enforcer throughout the territory she controlled. This prestigious position allowed Du to indulge himself with the finer things in life. He dressed in the best fabrics, pure Chinese silk, and was often surrounded by beautiful, biddable, women. He was even able to buy a mansion in the French Concession, which he set about filling with wives and concubines.



This was before he truly came into the power that would change the course of Chinese history.

In 1924, Huang Jinrong was arrested for the savage beating of the son of a warlord. He stepped down from his public positions immediately, and handed control of his criminal empire over to Du. In one fell swoop, he became the “zongshi” – the grandmaster of the underworld. He was controller of gambling dens, prostitution, and protection rackets, and, with the compliance of the police and colonial government, he ran the opium trade in and out of the French Concession. However, he also established a number of legitimate corporations, such as Shanghai’s largest shipping company, and two banks. It was the opium trade that would plague him though, as he became heavily addicted to the drug.

Politically, the Green Gang had significantly benefited from the disjointed government of the Shanghai International Settlement and French Concession. In this murky legal environment, organized crime was allowed to thrive, driven by mass immigration to the city and a favoring of ancestral ties. Yusheng and Jinrong became acquainted as they were both natives of the Suzhou area. As their power and influence grew, the Green Gang were often hired by the Kuomintang to put down strikes and disrupt labor meetings. Working with

other criminal organizations, the Green Gang were instrumental in the White Terror massacre of April 1927, which saw 5,000 pro-Communist strikers brutally killed in the Shanghai streets on the orders of Chiang Kai-Shek. Following this, Du Yusheng was appointed the President of the Board of Opium Suppression, in a specatularly brazen move on the part of Chiang Kai-Shek. Du Yusheng was now unequivocally in control of the entirety of China’s opium trade.

He used this position as a means to further the causes of the Nationalist army, and amassed sufficient political power and prestige in that role that he was able to build and dedicate a temple to his own family. The three days of celebrations saw the great and good visiting to pay their respects. A few months after it opened, however, Yusheng had converted two of the private wings of the building to the manufacture of heroin.

Du Yusheng was not able to maintain his close relationship with Chiang Kai-Shek. The war between Japan and China that started in 1937 brought to light many of the differences in ideology between the two. Having fled to exile in Hong Kong, Du Yusheng did not return to Shanghai until 1945. Far from being greeted as the returning hero, as he imagined, he found his position diminished beyond recognition. He returned to Hong Kong in 1949, and eventually died there in 1951.





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